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VOGUE

THE ORNAMENTAL EYE

THE PARIS FASCINATION

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SEPTEMBER 15, 1964

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: The ornamental zebra eye, a big-evening fantasy—jewelled with make-up based on jewellery. The face-designer: Pablo of Elizabeth Arden Salons. His inspiration: the blaze of jewellery like the ring worn here—enamelled with wild-animal stripes. Pablo first painted the dark, sweeping stripes with a superfine brush dipped in Gris Brun eyeliner; then filled the spaces with white. (More about ornamental eyes, page 151.) Another fetching enamel on the nails—opaque, creamy, tallow-coloured Natural Light. This and the liners, by Elizabeth Arden. Domed ring enamelled in black and white on gold, by David Webb.

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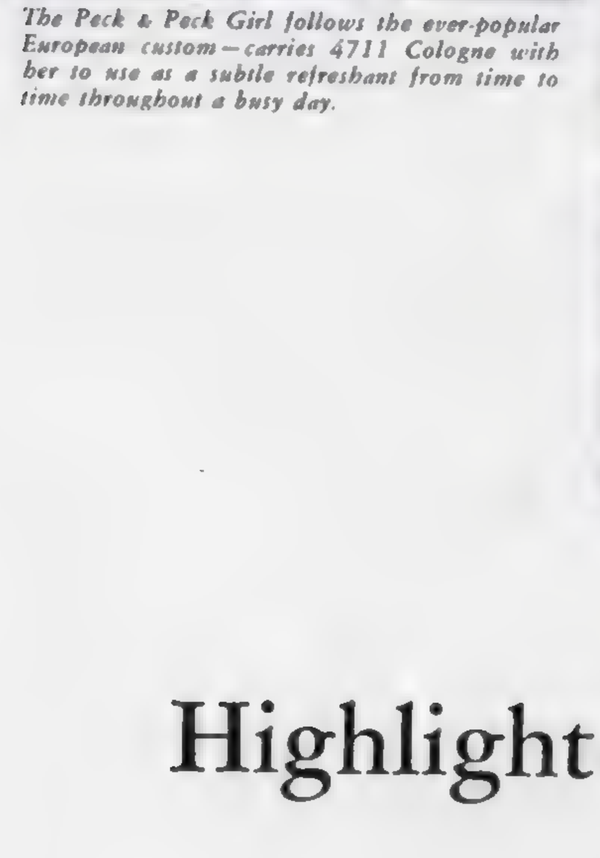


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PUERTO RICO'S INSTANT PARADISE



By Peter Griffith

It's usually hard to tell the exact moment when a tourist attraction comes into fashion, but not with Puerto Rico. It happened on the day the Caribe Hilton opened. The hotel filled up right away and it's been busy ever since. And no wonder. Situated on a beautiful 17-acre estate jutting out into the ocean, with the ancient Spanish quarter of San Juan to the West and the exciting modern city to the East, the Caribe Hilton offers an endless variety of delights . . . sporting, sumptuous and spectacular.

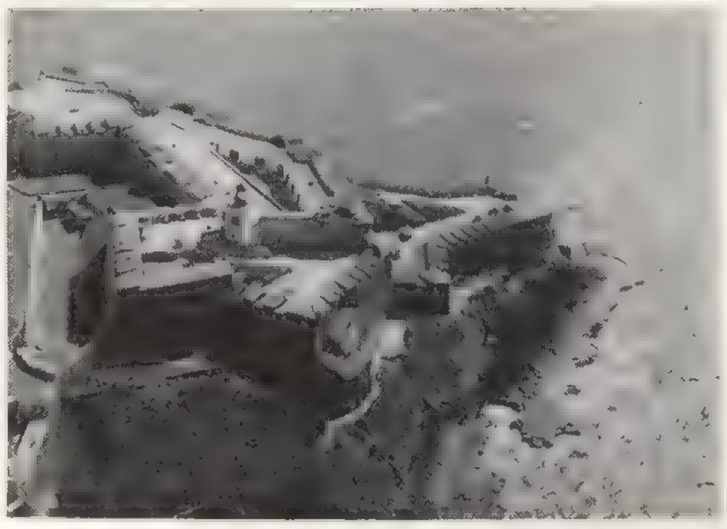
Step into an ocean of fun

The Caribe Hilton's wide, sweeping beach of coral sand, shaded by palm trees, has everything you need for sailing, skin-diving, water-skiing and just plain basking. There's a private pier, too, which runs right out to a coral reef, where the fish are very cooperative. And if you're feeling adventurous, you can always arrange for a boat to take you where the sea is deep and the marlin run big.

On shore, there are two huge fresh water swimming pools, championship tennis courts, bowling and shuffleboard on the premises. Golf is available at the Dorado Hilton, a short drive away. And there's a special sightseeing tour of the island, with lunch at Mayaguez, on the beautiful West Coast.

Step back four centuries

Right next door to the Caribe Hilton estate, an old stone bridge leads to the 18th century bastion of San Jeronimo. A short ride to the west brings you to the old town of San Juan. Here you'll find narrow, twisting streets, paved with blue stones that came as ballast in the galleons of Spain . . . delicate wrought-iron balconies . . . blue-tiled patios . . . the peaceful atmosphere of a Spanish city that was old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. You'll explore the huge fortress of El Morro, which Drake and Hawkins failed to capture in 1595. It covers 200 acres, has a nine-hole golf course in its moat.



The magnificent palace of La Fortaleza, seat of government in Puerto Rico for more than four centuries, is another treasure of old San Juan. And you'll find your own personal treasures in the shops and art galleries. Happy hunting.

Step out to a Latin Beat

After dark, the Caribe Hilton is the only place to be. You'll sip cocktails at the Caribar, a sophisticated rendezvous. Choose from the very finest in Caribbean, American or Continental cuisine in the superb Rotisserie Castillo, social center of San Juan night life. Or



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BIG BRITISH ROUND-UP IN TEXAS: FESTIVAL AT SAKOWITZ

International fashion communications at work above: a dress by English designer, Mary Quant, in red wool touched with black (skirt-stripes, silky dotted collar and cuffs). Point of the pointed-up shape — to give a leggier proportion to the body. Man's lounge suit of fine firm wool flannel, grey and not too dark: Hickey-Freeman.

Who knows as much about things Britannic mixed with Houston hospitality: Sakowitz

ENTERTAINING IDEA THAT KNOWS ITS WAY AROUND: HAIG & HAIG

Lace, late-day, is a new British enthusiasm, here in a crisp little suit by Jean Varon. Part of its Sakowitz-festival spirit: shadowy black-and-white flowers fenced in by a little picket-edging, a trig blouse underneath. The man's suit is blackish-grey, stripey — the right stripe for a late day that starts early. By Hickey-Freeman.

Who knows as much about entertaining . . . about galas . . . about good taste: Haig & Haig



WHERE THE WORLDLINGS STOP... AT THE SIGN OF HAIG & HAIG

Beautiful silk and wool city tweeds in a black and white suit from Liza Spain for Sakowitz. Its special polish: tailoring that's British to the core, softness that shows in little ways — the stitched apron panel on a skirt, the funnel neck of a tweed blouse. The man's suit, a worldly cut of herringbone wool. By Hickey-Freeman.

Who knows as much about imports . . . special status . . . delivering the goods: Haig & Haig

THE LIONS OF FASHION MEET AT THE SIGN OF SAKOWITZ

The velvet life as it's lived late-day into very-late-day: Liza Spain's black coupe de velours coat and skirt with a hooded black matte blouse that, among its other virtues, turns the complexion to velvet under the city's night-lights. The man's shawl-collared dinner jacket, unfaze-able in polyester-wool-mohair. By Hickey-Freeman.

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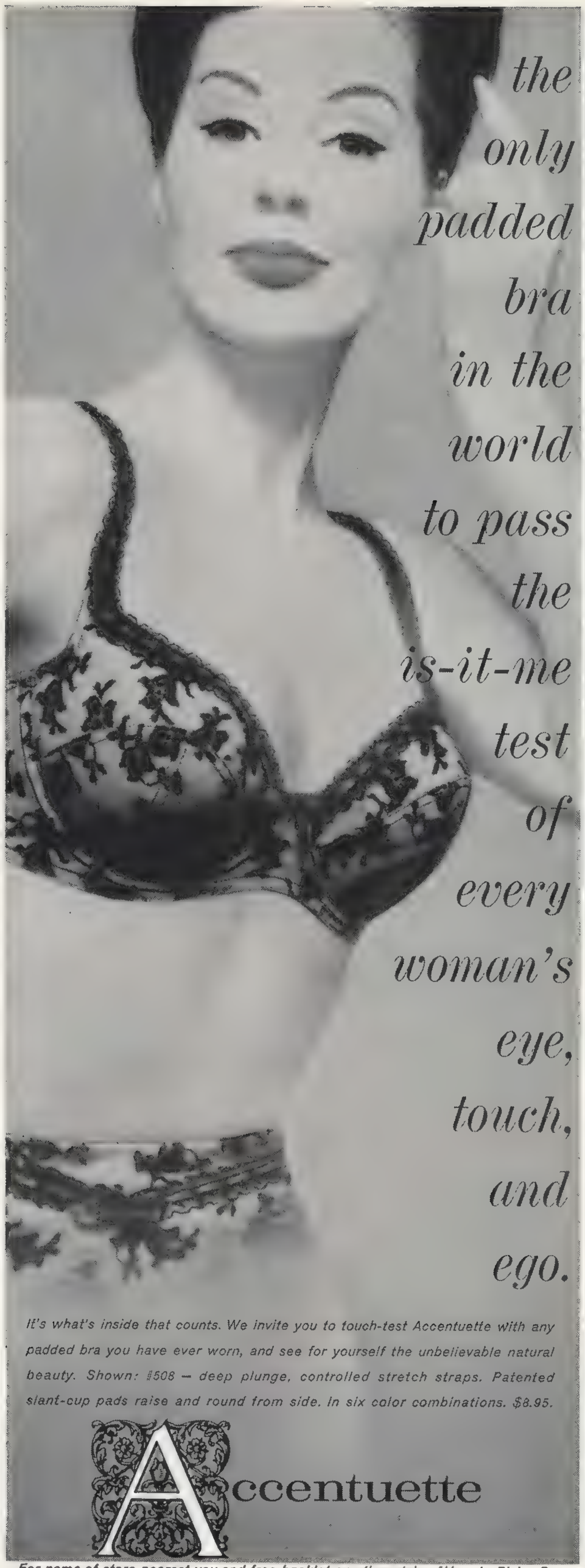
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LOS ANGELES: THE SECOND CITY OF ART

BY HENRY GELDZAHLER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Henry Geldzahler, who is twenty-nine, blue-eyed, and deliberate, moved sure-footedly from Antwerp to New York to Yale to Harvard (where he became a teaching fellow in Fine Arts) to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He is now the Museum's Associate Curator of American Paintings and Sculpture.

As far as the contemporary art scene is concerned, Los Angeles slowly but surely is making its way into the second city spot. (New York, long the first city nationally, has in the last decade, taken over leadership on the international art scene, superseding Paris.) Perhaps it seems a paradox that Los Angeles and not San Francisco is moving into the artistic limelight. San Francisco, after all, has always been the refined, cultivated, and continental city, while Los Angeles was obviously vulgar, totally lacking in style.

These clichés are a clear case of delusion. It is true that San Francisco, like Boston and New Orleans, is a city of historical interest. Unfortunately, it's also a city that has come to believe in its own press releases. Culturally, this is a situation full of pitfalls. Once a city has done too neat a job of defining its essence and packaging its charm, once it has presented itself too winningly, the curiosity goes. With it go the vitality, ferment, and sense of adventure. Suddenly, the very qualities which attract curious young people to a city evaporate and vanish. They look for places with the most exciting possibilities. They head for Southern California. A visitor to the area feels this in the air at once . . . senses this atmosphere of excited expectation in the artists' studios, the art galleries, museums, and private collections.

The excitement persists despite the great, flat, sprawling distances which make a quick view of the Southern California art scene virtually impossible. There is no way to condense or concentrate the experience. The visitor finds himself spending more time on the freeway than in actually confronting the art. Yet the excitement is undeniably there; the ferment and the sense of the magnet or vital centre drawing artists from everywhere, from Oregon and Washington, from Kansas and Oklahoma, from Texas and New Mexico.

How did it all begin? How did the scene shift? For nearly two decades, the West Coast has had what at times has been the best art school in the country: the California School of Fine Arts. During the middle and late 1940's when the atmosphere of American painting was supercharged with both experimental energy and an impending change toward greatness, this school had on its faculty both Mark Rothko and Clyfford Still. These teachers implanted in their young students a wide variety of experimental ideas and pointed out a range of possible directions for their exploration.

Although the school geographically is located in San Francisco, the impact of Rothko and Still was felt over a wide California radius. Both men left California in the 1950's, opting to spend their most important creative years in New York with their colleagues De Kooning, Kline, Pollock, and Newman, developing the new American painting which became known as Abstract Expressionism.

On the West Coast the men the younger painters came to admire were Frank Lobdell, Hassel Smith, and Richard Diebenkorn. They showed through their own work that it was possible to be three thousand miles away from the centre of culture and still de-

(Continued on page 56)



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LOS ANGELES ART

(Continued from page 42)

velop personal styles of abstraction. Diebenkorn in particular made this clear to the younger artists with his strongly individual paintings with their newly meaningful, if limited, figuration.

Another outstanding inspiration is the native artist, Sam Francis (born in San Mateo, studied at the University of California in Berkeley). Francis, who went to Paris in the 1950's and made his international reputation there with his excellent paintings, is back in California now and resettled in Santa Monica. Today he's the best known both in Europe and Japan of all the younger American painters. He's also becoming famous for his hospitality to visitors from abroad. European and Japanese visitors are invariably welcomed at the Francis compound and many use it as their base of operations for exploring the many art activities of the Southern California area.

It's not only the presence of top painters that generates the excitement; it's the private art collectors as well. One group acts upon and stimulates the other: the painters, by the sheer physical fact of being there, encourage collecting; the collectors, in turn, encourage and draw the painters. These private collections enrich the local culture in a way that no trips to New York or reproductions in art magazines can ever equal. They have brought into the area the best of recent American painting.

Outstanding among these private collectors are: the Frederick R. Weismans, the Stanley Freemans, the Robert Rowans, and the Gifford Phillipses. In addition, a number of the younger collectors are buying paintings that are the best and most advanced examples of the Post-Expressionist years, paintings by Johns, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Warhol, and Stella. These younger collectors include the Leonard Ashers, the Donald Factors, and the Dennis Hoppers. (Hopper is not only a TV and movie actor, but also a photographer and painter who shows his work locally.)

Forward-looking and adventurous art dealers of Los Angeles —Frank Perls, Paul Kantor, and Felix Landau, for examples —have shown many important European and American paintings of the postwar years. Others such as David Stuart, the relatively new Rolf Nelson Gallery, and this season's Feigen/Palmer are on the lookout for interesting local artists to encourage. (Feigen/Palmer, however, which has sister galleries in New York and Chicago, has so far been importing its shows.)

Some dealers stress the work of both coasts. The Dwan Gallery, to cite a case in point, has run excellent one-man shows for such California artists as Ed Kienholz, while also exhibiting contemporary leaders of the New York school.

Another dealer with a coast-to-coast viewpoint, Irving Blum, who operates the Ferus Gallery, is an ex-New Yorker who studied theatre at the University of Arizona. With his booming enthusiasm he's encouraging the development of the best art in the Los Angeles area while also arranging exhibitions of the most accomplished New York art.

The importance of these various gallery shows can not be underestimated. Not only do they stimulate the local artists, art students, and collectors, but they also contribute to the education of museum men who are not always as aware as they might be of what goes on in the art capitals of the world.

The West Coast museums, as institutions of general education, must show a wide range of art, encompassing many periods and cultures. They also must assist students taking art history courses so these young people get a chance to see the real thing. It is not a simple matter to do this kind of comprehensive job and to give contemporary art and contemporary local art proper attention at the same time. The Los Angeles County Museum, however, is currently expanding and planning a move into new and spacious quarters next year. This will give it the chance of becoming the focus it has not been so far for the energy of advanced

(Continued on page 62)

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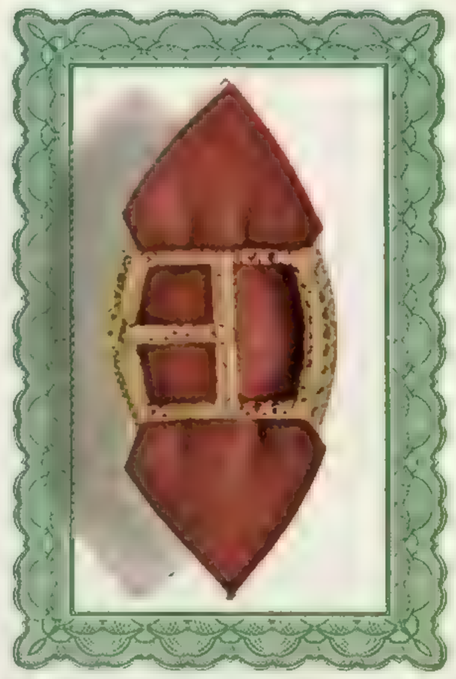
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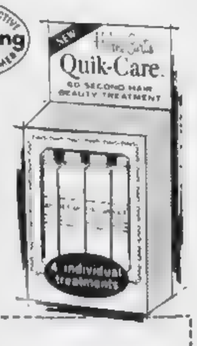
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

How does she do it?

If a Ministry of Leisure is established in either England or France, as has been suggested, we have a thought: study Dolores Del Rio. Although Miss Del Rio has visited New York for a month's holiday every year for years, somehow last winter became the season in which everyone discovered her all over again. Judging from the numerous interviews, both press and private, granted during her stay, the question to which every interrogator edged up cosily was—How Do You Do It? Because Dolores Del Rio is as electric, alluring, and fresh-faced now as she was in 1923—the year when the newly-in-office President Calvin Coolidge sent for an autographed photograph of her—how she does it is of fairly unflagging interest. From our own conversations with her over the years, our opinion is this: she does it the hard way. To begin with, she rests. She rests a minimum of nine hours every night of her life, and catnaps some during the day. Now rest takes work, we say. To arrange rest, to maintain rest, to stay within a rest pattern, is far from easy. (Miss Del Rio attributes more than a little of her genius for rest to a smooth-as-cream household; she still has, in her Mexico City house, the same servants who were with her when she left Hollywood eighteen or so years ago.) Another thing: she's a bug for moderation (mo*th*eration, she pronounces it, in her low, still-strongly Spanish-accented voice). Is moderation easy? Again we say no. It's a discipline. In Miss Del Rio's case, moderation includes absolutely no smoking or drinking, *ever*. What does she drink instead of a drink? Sometimes a little water, "But I never did have the habit of holding anything in my hand at a party, so not smoking or drinking presents no problem for me." And then, Miss Del Rio works at work. She does one play a year, no more; one movie a year, no more. (Her latest, John Ford's *Cheyenne Autumn*, will be released in 1965 by Warner Brothers.) And then, Miss Del Rio works at leisure. She goes on archaeological digs with her husband, Louis Riley, junior (together, they've made some nice finds in pre-Columbian things); and they garden and sail. Is it easy to keep rest, moderation, work, and leisure all in perfectly carpentered pigeonholes? Of course not. But looking into the fascinating lunar landscape of that unchanged face, observing a figure that bikinis as well as any in Acapulco, we say it's nice work. . . .

Garterless garters

It won't put girdles out of business exactly; it won't cut down on the liking for leotard-like stockings. But what it will do is allow you to have your stockings hitched to nothing at all when it suits—and in certain pale knitted clothes, it does indeed suit. What it is is a fixative called Ultra Hold that comes with a roll-top applicator. Applied to the skin in a two-inch band around the leg above the knee, it gives a stocking something to cling to. Although holding work has been known to extend over an eight-hour period, we find that four hours' time is enough to ask—and we'd put the whole bottle in our handbag for reinforcement after that. Is it toxic? Absolutely not. Its secret ingredient might in fact be something more usually applied to pancakes. Other finding: the longer the stocking, the more effective the Ultra Hold arrangements. At Lord & Taylor; J. W. Robinson. . . .

Carrying on

Speaking of things to put in handbags (we were, just a minute ago), the following goodies have crossed our reviewing desk lately, and for those in search, these are news. . . . From D'Albret, its scent, Écusson, in a wallet-size case of what looks to be glossiest brown alligator; a tiny vial of the perfume, a not-much-bigger shot of cologne, and a fine little bar of soap. . . . From Scandia, its pressed powder in an oval-shaped gilt compact with a dome of amber-coloured stone. Cited simply because it is unusually nice looking. . . . From Germaine Monteil, its glorious new stuff to dazzle with: a compact of Color Blend, all golden glints, and a plump brush for dusting purposes. Designed to be carried in a handbag, evenings. . . . And to *put* things in, the new Vuitton make-up case; the celebrated pattern, now lightweight. At Saks Fifth Avenue. . . .



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Girls! An entirely new idea in shaving! New ***ultra smooth**** Cosmetic Shaving Creme by Clairol. Just use it with any razor on legs and underarms for the nicest, smoothest, silkiest shave of your life. Now you can shave without drying soaps! Shave without water! Shave underarms and use a deodorant immediately after! Helps avoid nicks, cuts, roughness you've always hated about ordinary shaving.

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- ☐ Chapping, stinging
- ☐ Razor drag
- ☐ Deodorant irritation
- ☐ Sensitive skin
- ☐ Under-stocking prickle
- ☐ Razor burn

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LOS ANGELES ART

(Continued from page 56)

American art.

The Pasadena Art Museum, also expanding into new quarters, has already made a name for itself on the contemporary scene. Its historically minded director, Walter Hopps, assembled what was probably the most important show in America this year, the great Marcel Duchamp retrospective. Although Hopps is relatively young, the origins of the idea for this retrospective go back a number of years. Since his teens when he used to visit Walter Arensberg (who owned the many Duchamps and Brancusis now at the Philadelphia Museum of Art) Hopps has been closely in touch with advanced art. Duchamp himself attended the opening of the show, generating great excitement by his presence. All in all, it was an exhibition New York should be ashamed to have missed.

The third major California museum is in Santa Barbara and its permanent installation is as cool and lovely as any in the United States. This, along with Wright Ludington's collection of classical, Renaissance, and modern works, makes visiting the museum a most pleasant and satisfactory experience.

Like the museums, the art galleries have special problems. Many local galleries have introduced an artist's work to a private collector, only to find later that the collector bought the artist, but bought him in New York. This situation would improve considerably if collectors supported their local galleries and helped establish local artists instead of looking too much toward New York as the home perhaps of safe and accredited work.

Another California phenomenon is the dealer who comes in briefly from out of town. Several of these men have been breezing into Los Angeles with a stock of paintings (often by the artists handled by local dealers) and taking suites in the Bel-Air or the Cavalier. There they set up lavish cocktail party exhibitions and hold private audiences for selected people who ordinarily wouldn't buy art if they had to go to the trouble of comparison-shopping for it.

The heart of the Los Angeles art scene is La Cienega Boulevard, lined as it is with galleries on either side. Monday night used to be the big night—the night for the openings. The atmosphere was festive. A news magazine apparently spoiled the fun when it carried an article on La Cienega. Recently the galleries have taken to staying closed on Monday nights.

The most encouraging West Coast art phenomenon, perhaps, is the publication of *Artforum*, the first California-based art periodical of national, and even international, interest. Its editor, Philip Leider, and feature writer, John Coplans seem to have what it takes to make their art magazine the strongest in the country.

All these developments are producing strong vibrations, which are being seismographically recorded in New York and Paris. Artists responding to these vibrations are more and more being drawn to Southern California. Both Claes Oldenburg and John Chamberlain, two of our best sculptors, have established themselves in the area for long enough periods to do complete shows.

Oldenburg, with his energetic wife and helper, Patty, rented a home and studio in Venice, California, the more traditionally artistic area. Chamberlain with his wife and three children located themselves at the base of Topanga Canyon, between Santa Monica and Malibu.

Both Chamberlain and Oldenburg, in response to their new environment, have produced excellent work—work that differs somewhat from what they had been doing before. Oldenburg changed his medium from enamelled plaster of Paris to some of the newer plastics and Formica. His nostalgic oversized hamburgers, pies, and shirts were replaced by wall telephones and a fully furnished and foreshortened bedroom.

Chamberlain's work also underwent a significant change. Until his trip West less than two years ago, in his assemblages of auto parts and fenders welded to an armature, he used the car

(Continued on page 64)

weatherbee

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LOS ANGELES ART

(Continued from page 62)

parts just as he found them: banged up and bent, with the paint chipped, scratched, and peeling. Most recently he has taken to cutting and finishing the auto parts carefully and then painting them in beautifully translucent metallic colours. This painting approach is related to that used by Billy Al Bengston, one of the best young California painters, who for three-and-a-half years has been doing his fine chevron paintings in a special metallic paint technique.

This technique derives in part from the local art of "candy appling" and is used primarily in the refinishing of cars, particularly sports cars. It calls for painting patterns in cool metallic colours that have the translucent glow of candied apples.

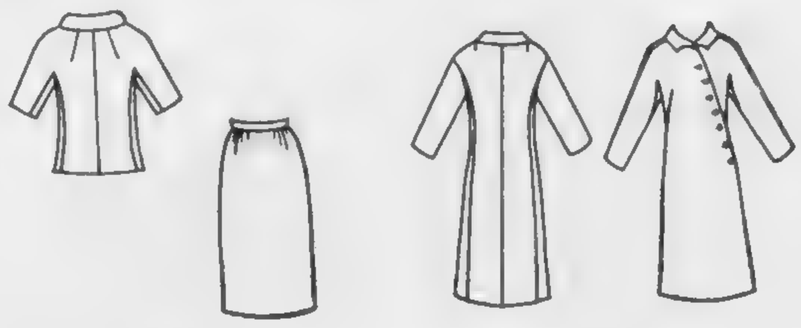
The European artists who have joined their American counterparts in heading westward are Jean Tinguely who went to Los Angeles and into the Nevada desert to build his self-destroying machine for NBC, which televised that flamboyant destruction. Niki de Saint-Phalle produced an enormous panel painting on the spot for a Malibu audience that included Micheline Presle and Jane Fonda, using her well-known technique of shooting at paint-filled objects. (The resulting painting, now installed at a Malibu poolside, is weathering nicely.) Arman and Martial Raysse (known for his painting with neon) have also done some of their best work this season in Los Angeles.

Not only have these artists been welcomed to work in the area, but others have been invited as well to visit both formaliy and informally with artists, collectors, and museum people. Notable in this latter group have been Barnett Newman, Clyfford Still, Robert Motherwell, Kenneth Noland, and Robert Rauschenberg. Also invited have been such critics as Clement Greenberg, Harold Rosenberg, Peter Selz, Lawrence Alloway, and William Seitz, representing a very divergent range of critical opinion indeed. It is the very quality of hospitality, openness, and receptivity to opinions and ideas that contributes to the ferment and excitement of the California scene.

Despite its inevitable growing pains, Southern California clearly has staked out a place for itself on the current art scene. Although it does not yet have the density and complexity of the New York art world, it's unquestionably a stimulating place to visit and work in. One thing is clear: anyone who cares about what's happening in contemporary painting and sculpture can no longer get a true picture by visiting only one coast and one city on that coast. A visit to the other coast and to Los Angeles, the second city of art, is becoming a necessity.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 168-169)



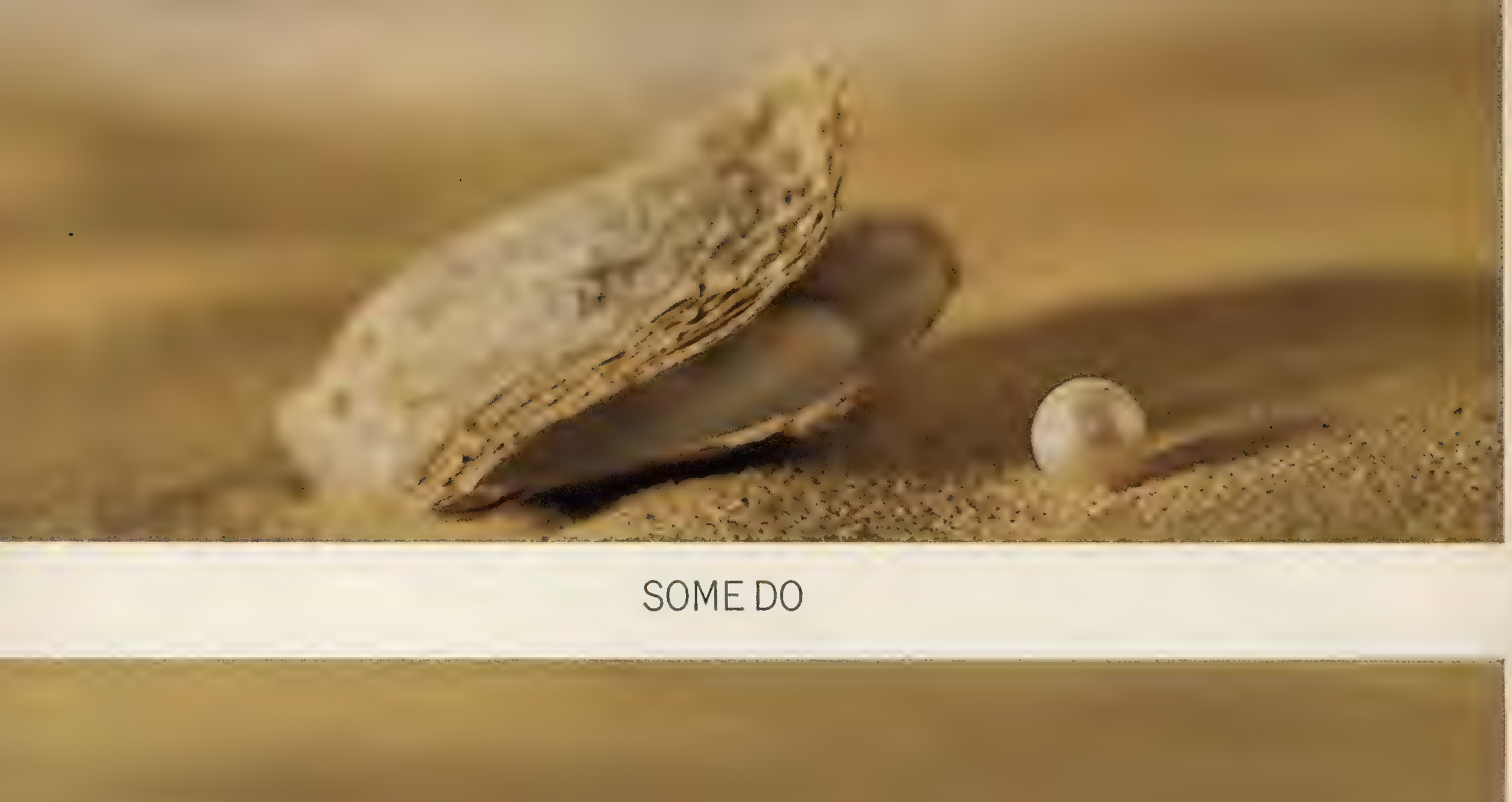
Above left: Two-piece dress by Forquet of Rome, Vogue International Couturier Design 1402, sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 2½ yds. of 54″ fabric without nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20. *Above right:* Coatdress by Paterson of London, Vogue International Couturier Design 1391, in sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires 3⅛ yds. of 54″ fabric without nap. $2. Canada, $2.20.

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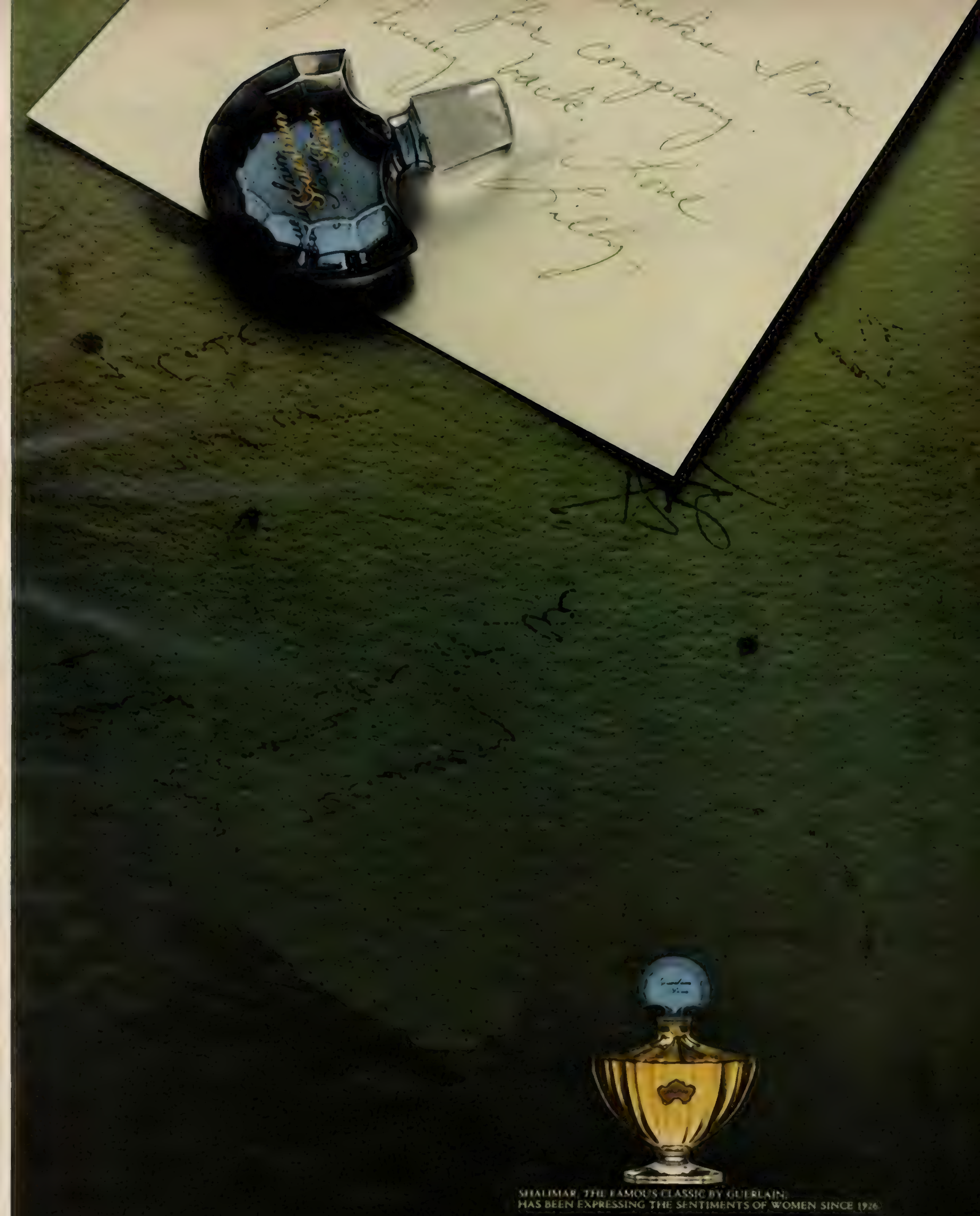


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There's also a collection of wonderful new white party dresses—the first showing of the 8 Best New Coats—the school clothes "Handbook" for boys and girls—the smashingly new poster paint colors.

PLUS: *"The Littlest Skiers"*, which includes tips from Sigi Engl, the ski instructor at Sun Valley.

PATTERNS: One great pattern—from it make a wardrobe of 5 dresses.

SEW ZOO: To help you make cute, simple versions of animal costumes for Halloween, school plays, rainy days and whatever.

On and on it goes. Did you know that boots will be for *everyday* wear this winter, fair days or foul? Or that boys' knickers are on their way back-to-school? But enough! Suffice it to say you won't want to miss VOGUE CHILDREN.

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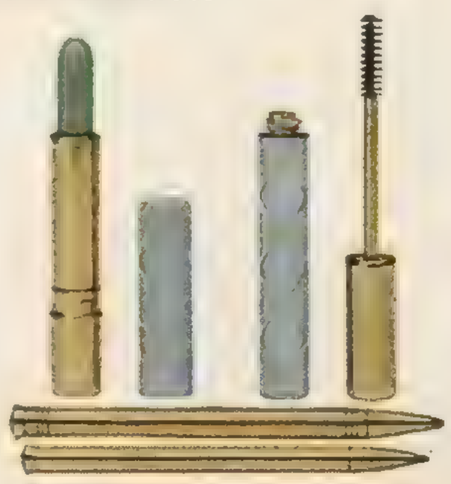
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travel

BY JON NAAR

COLOGNE: ***Cathedral city, Carnival town, Common-Market crossroad***

Of German cities Berlin is the most German, Hamburg the most English, Munich the most Italian, and Cologne the most French. The Frenchness comes partly from geography, partly from attitude. The Cologners have a certain French look (darker, shorter, more chic than other Germans), French names (Jean, Jacques, Marianne are most popular), and they say Eau de Cologne rather than *Kölnisch Wasser*.

Cologne on the Rhine, city of churches, city of bridges, is a crossroad linking West Germany with France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, and Switzerland. Settled as a Roman town, Colonia, two thousand years ago, later one of the largest mediaeval towns in the world, Cologne is now a modern city (over seventy percent rebuilt since the war) with its quota of concrete, steel, and neon. Somehow, the contact with the past has been kept alive, precariously but viably. The soulless *Wirtschaftswunder* office buildings and parking lots, which otherwise could be Tokyo or Toronto, are tempered by a counterpoint of Roman mosaics, sculptures, fragments of walls, towers, and exquisite Romanesque churches, and—literally above all—the magnificently commanding Gothic Cathedral signposting the way to the heart of the city whether you come by air, *Autobahn*, railroad, or Rhine river steamer.

The Cologners are hospitable but independent, as they once showed Hitler when he paraded through the city in his open Mercedes with his arm outstretched: the citizens invited the Führer to pass out caramels—a custom of the clowns at carnival time. Hitler never forgave Cologne and never came back for a second visit.

The *Kölner Karneval*, a lusty, gutsy, swinging hoop-de-doo rivalling the carnivals of Rio de Janeiro or Port of Spain, starts on November 11. During the final, improbable week before Ash Wednesday the balloon really goes up. The experience is unforgettable: fireworks, confetti, fantastic masks, grotesque costumes, Calypso-mannered songs satirizing topical events, dancing in the streets—Coney Island, Bastille Day, and *Walpurgisnacht* all rolled into one.

The rest of the year Cologne is not exactly dull. In the *Kölsche Kneipen*, friendly, inexpensive pubs, blue-smocked waiters called *Köbes* (short for Jacob) serve the best beer in Germany, beefsteak tartare, and *Kölscher Kaviar*, which is breadroll and sausage.

My two favourite *Kneipen* are Früh and Sion both near the Cathedral. More elaborate food (including the fine white Rhine wines) is served in small winehouses such as Wolff and Walfisch which stocks over four hundred vintages. There is one really first-class international restaurant, Bastei, in a remodelled circular fortress overlooking the river. At the Tanzbrunnen in a park on the riverside you can dance out of doors and watch the barges go by, north to the Netherlands, south to Switzerland.

At Gigi Campi's café on the Hohe Strasse, Gigi, who is an authority on the electronic music pioneered in Cologne by Karl Heinz Stockhausen, puts on exciting sessions of European and American jazz. The Wallraf-Richartz, a strikingly modern museum, houses a superb collection of mediaeval art, seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish masters, and contemporary German Expressionist painting and sculpture.

Also on my "must" list: The Hohe Strasse, a unique shopping street, two minutes' walk from the Cathedral, reserved after 10:00 A.M. exclusively for shoppers on foot; and, by night, the sight of the hauntingly beautiful reflection in the Rhine of the floodlit Cathedral towering above the lights of the city that surrounds it.

HOW TO GET THERE: Only Lufthansa flies every day nonstop from New York to Cologne. Crew is marvellous, and I was pleasantly surprised with Lufthansa's ground services, especially with their patience in answering my questions.

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movies

BY HENRY GELDZAHLER

THE VISIT, *"Carpathian Ibsen-ism"*

The Visit might be the disappointment it is because we expect it to be good. Ingrid Bergman and Anthony Quinn star in this adaptation of Duerrenmatt's play, which has been an international hit. We know that Ingrid Bergman is almost always good and that Anthony Quinn is often very good, but in this film they both remain static and somewhat frozen. Nothing is projected but lines which sound as unnatural as literature—foreign literature in stiff translation.

There is a failure of energy in both the direction and the photography. We are looking at a film of the forties (a friend said, "It's a Joan Crawford movie."). And there is a lack of visual clarity. The screen is crowded with detail, the close-ups have no monumentality, and the film is not even black and white; it is grey, muted, without contrasts. Much that is wrong with the film can be ascribed to the attempt to reach and touch several markets (the film is a joint effort of Cinecitta-Dear, Les Films du Siècle—P.E.C.F., and Deutschefox GMBH); and the result is a film without national characteristics, without the consistency and authority of a culture behind it.

The Visit is an adolescent fantasy of a kind. Ingrid Bergman as Karla Zachanassian has become the wealthiest woman in the world. In the play she is nearly seventy, in the movie thirty-seven. She returns to the small and dying town which she had to leave twenty years before when Serge Miller (Anthony Quinn) made her pregnant and refused to marry her. She returns to prove that she is a great success in the world and to punish the townspeople who did not appreciate her.

Part of the interest is in the extreme contrast of her wealth with the dire and heroic poverty of her origins. In one scene Miss Bergman, wearing diamond-studded sunglasses, sits with her cheetah beside her, reading a magazine called, in case we didn't get the point, *Elégance*. But here too the film fails; for her glamour and wealth are hollow, a parody, and the town (which she has ruined for the enjoyment of seeing her former tormentors squirm) is a Cinecitta set built at the cost of $250,000. The result is an unconvincing town square, architecturally less than mediocre. Many small and depressed towns stand that have their history built into their present look; any one of them could have been used. Instead, an enormous amount of money was spent and something dead was created.

The same may be said about the movie itself. It presents a watered-down, Carpathian Ibsen-ism, with falsely stated allegorical problems of good and evil, but with none of the interest in individuals' emotions that informed Ibsen's problem plays. A membrane is stretched between us and what we see on screen. The film never touches us.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, *"fast, energetic, and hip"*

A Hard Day's Night is viciously pro-youth. The Beatles' first movie is as loud, fast, energetic, and hip as anyone could wish. It has been made, cynically, by knowing adults to appeal to the eleven-to-twenty-year-olds. Much of the humour in the film is about how funny it is to be old and therefore out of it. The film at times parodies itself.

The music is energetic and obviously the point of the film, as is only right. *A Hard Day's Night* is a showcase for the Beatles (much as Elvis Presley's and Judy Garland's movies are showcases for them) but, in this instance, there is not even the excuse of an elaborate fictitious plot, or fictitious screen names; they remain, John, Paul, Ringo, and George. The photography and direction are knowing; Antonioni, Truffaut, Fellini, and Tony Richardson are all referred to with some intelligence. The camera moves in and out quickly, the images are large and clean, and the pace is lively throughout. The film is frankly a vehicle for the Beatles, and anyone under twenty can identify with their success and worldly power. If you're older, expect to feel rather uncomfortable.

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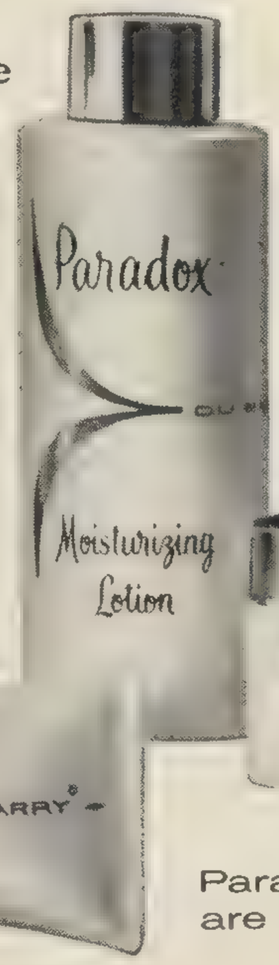
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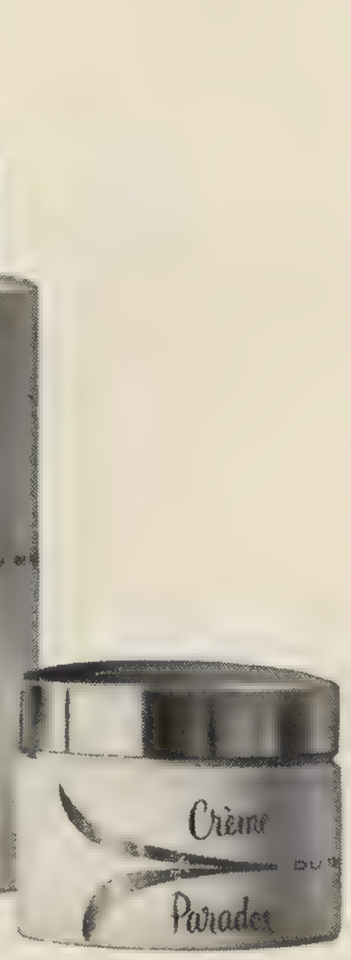


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books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

THE OFFENSIVE TRAVELLER, *"clear as sunlight"*

In a foreword to his new collection of travel essays, *The Offensive Traveller* (Alfred A. Knopf), V. S. Pritchett, surely one of the most ingratiating of living writers, explains the sobriquet he has assigned himself in his title by saying that the traveller, in the very act of travelling, is bound to give offense. He may eat strange food with relish, or at least without visible disgust, be silent on matters of plumbing and bugs and governments, pay the price asked and, in general, when it is proper, do in Rome as the Romans do; and even so, he rouses the xenophobia that is inherent in everybody. For no matter how kindly and receptive his eye, the traveller's point of observation is foreign and therefore oblique and one that the observed can not possibly achieve themselves without situating themselves at angles unnatural to them.

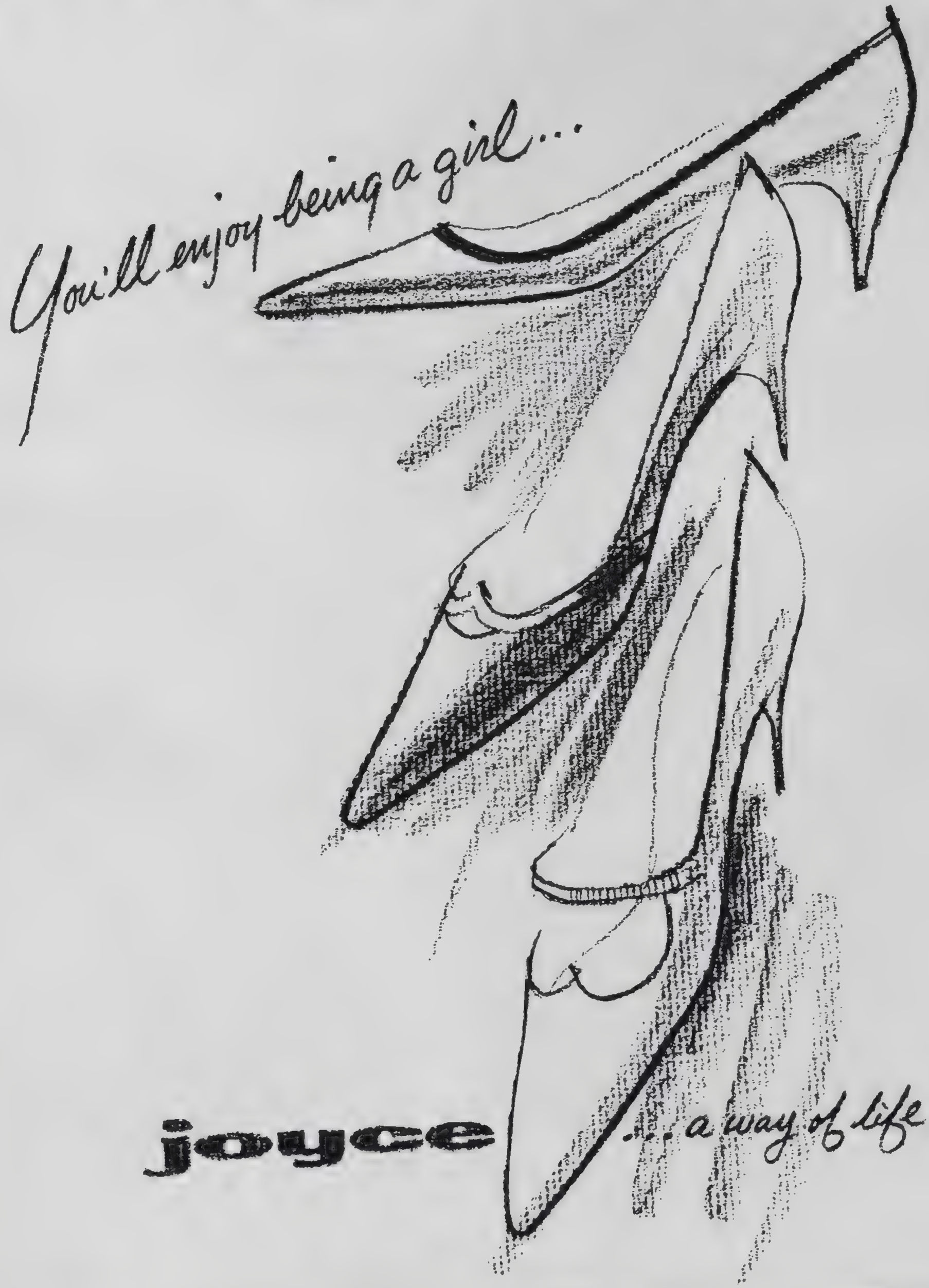
And when the traveller not only insinuates himself into places that do not belong to him but, further, writes books about them and their inhabitants, he lays himself open to hot hostility. Mr. Pritchett speaks of the umbrage taken by the Scandinavians when he applauded their architecture but left out of account their high suicide rate, and the vexation he caused the Germans when he said they loved flowers: his implication, they charged, was that they were sissies. If the present volume is translated into the languages of the countries limned therein, it would be interesting to know what the readers will choose to protest. The Poles may not like it that he finds in them an affinity to the Irish, and the Bulgarians may be shocked that he did not investigate and document a spectacle his eye fell on in Sofia: "I wandered into the old and beautiful Nevsky Church and found what, in my ignorance, I can only call a cocktail party, going on before the choir, for there was a buffet there and the people were standing about eating cakes, sausages, and meat rolls. Since this is the most revered church in Sofia, I feel certain the occasion was religious." And there, characteristically stating a fact, he wryly leaves the phenomenon dangling. An excellent reporter, he has no sociology in him.

The Offensive Traveller is made up of five sketches of Central European satellites—Czechoslovakia, Poland, Bulgaria, Hungary, and Rumania—and then four more of Madrid, Seville, Turkey, and Iran. In all nine, with differences in highlighting and in concentration, Mr. Pritchett moves fluidly from politics to architecture to drinking customs. Shards of ancient civilizations are scattered amongst relics of modern wars and occupations and Mr. Pritchett remarks them with absorption but without the frenzy of discovery; at Aspendos, in Turkey, he comes upon a complete ancient theatre that has inexplicably gone unharmed by earthquakes: "You stand inside it at noonday in the silence of eighteen centuries. Only a lizard or a snake slips across the stone seats where an audience once sat."

Shown by this accomplished and unobtrusive cicerone where to look, one sees with him the blue-eyed, gold-haired girls of Warsaw: ". . . if the sun strikes a street full of them when they come out of their offices at half past three, one has the impression of seeing a cloud of dancing haloes," and, having been misled by romantic storytellers, sees with him, surprised, that the gypsy in Hungary "is a respectable-looking man in a navy-blue serge suit." Hungary is a nation "with more writers and intellectuals to the square mile than any other on earth." The Poles are madly vivacious and the Bulgarians are puritanical and Seville is a town of actors that, during Holy Week, takes on the air of an unrehearsed comic opera; statues of the Blessed Virgin are carried through the streets while the "bands play popular waltzing marches."

Mr. Pritchett's senses are keen and he does not adulterate the data they receive abroad with comparisons to those they receive at home. His prose is as warm and clear as sunlight.

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theatre

BY HENRY POPKIN

IN ENGLAND: RICHARD II, KING HENRY IV, and HENRY V at Stratford-upon-Avon—"*the best Shakespeare*"

While Sir Laurence Olivier continued to play his extremely personal *Othello*, moved from London to Chichester, the Royal Shakespeare Company was engaged in a more sociable effort at Stratford-upon-Avon, where its repertory company is performing Shakespeare's history plays. These two activities point up the contrast between England's two leading theatre organizations, Olivier's National Theatre and Peter Hall's Royal Shakespeare Company. As usual, the impoverished Royal Shakespeare is doing a better job. Olivier is presenting a one-man show, but Hall is offering a communal undertaking by a true repertory company in a series of plays that require a maximum of co-operation and a minimum of solo acts.

Hall and his collaborators have presented the plays from *Richard II* through *Henry V* in such a way as to emphasize a single, continuing pattern. The same actor is likely to take the same part in several plays, and some lines have been reassigned to create more continuity. For instance, Henry IV's brother-in-law Exeter gets some speeches from other sage counsellors so that he may appear in all the plays; later in the season Exeter (played by the same actor) appeared as a doddering old man in the *Henry VI* series. This new unity enforces the tetralogy's design: Richard II's personal deficiencies lead to his overthrow, and a bad principle, the rule of naked power, is established; his successor, Henry IV, is haunted by guilt and by his melancholy knowledge of his son's deficiencies, but Henry V comes to the throne free from his father's guilt and without Richard's weak character.

Vigorously played against John Bury's imposing, versatile sets, this series does best without stars, and so *Richard II* and *Henry V* came off most successfully, for a star was imported for the rôle of Falstaff in the *Henry IV* plays. The star was Hugh Griffith, who made a good enough Falstaff of a conventional sort. Neat, pink, and cherubic in appearance, he got off his big speeches thoughtfully, deliberately, almost as if he were lecturing. Unhappily, I have been spoiled for conventional Falstaffs by two Continental actors I have seen in this part—Jean Bouise (of Roger Planchon's company in France) and Tino Buazzelli in Milan—both of whom interpret Falstaff as a cynical, dirty old man, an awesome embodiment of *élan vital*, and thus a real threat to the rule of reason, both in the kingdom and in the Prince of Wales.

The real strength of the Royal Shakespeare Company lies in its regulars, brilliant repertory actors who are almost unknown across the Atlantic—lean, gaunt David Warner, peppery Ian Holm, protean Roy Dotrice—and one veteran, Eric Porter. Warner makes more of Richard II's arrogance than of his poetry, interpreting him as a man too much in love with power and insufficiently astute to wield it properly. Holm is cool as Prince Hal and admirably heroic as Henry V. Dotrice dies eloquently as the aged John of Gaunt, comes back a few scenes later as a marvellously pugnacious (if irrelevantly Scottish) Hotspur, and turns up in *Henry IV: Part Two* as senile, cackling old Justice Shallow. Porter competently follows Henry IV from ambition to remorse, but he is clearly best and happiest when he is flamboyantly speaking the Chorus's lines in *Henry V*.

This company has been consistently staging the best Shakespeare productions and, at its theatre in London, the best foreign plays (Duerrenmatt's *The Physicists* and Peter Weiss's *The Persecution and Murder of Marat As Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*) and the works of some of the most exciting new dramatists (David Rudkin's *Afore Night Come* and Harold Pinter's *The Birthday Party*). It is a model of what a repertory company should be. For the good of repertory in the English-speaking world, Peter Hall ought to copy out the secrets of his success in triplicate, with one copy each for London's National Theatre, New York's Lincoln Center, and The Actors Studio.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Twelfth Annual Muu Muu Mania in Hawaii for the benefit of the Honolulu Symphony



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Every manner of muu muu, silk and lace ones, gingham and eyelet ones, pantalooned, mink-trimmed and peacock-feathered ones, showed up promptly at six to be auctioned off during cocktails at the Sheraton Meeting House in Honolulu—all for the benefit of that city's fine symphony orchestra. Designed for at-home, the muu muus were modelled by many of Honolulu's most attractive young women, who zipped up and down the runway before seven hundred guests, while seven thousand balloons lolled overhead. At each cry of "Sold," twenty men in the audience rose simultaneously to spear the balloons, several hundred of which contained small door prizes. Afterwards, everyone went on to dinner parties in and about Honolulu—among the gayest, a dinner dance at the remote and sparkling Kahala Hilton. 1. Mrs. Gulab Watamull. 2. Mr. Gordon H. Damon, balloon-spearing; Mr. Charles Braden, auctioneering. 3. Miss Carol Hanks, Mr. Peter Dillingham. 4. Mrs. John P. Anderson with daughters, Judi and Jill. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor A. Pryor. 6. Miss Baba Johnson. 7. Mrs. Frederick Noa. 8. Mrs. G. Philip Bickel.

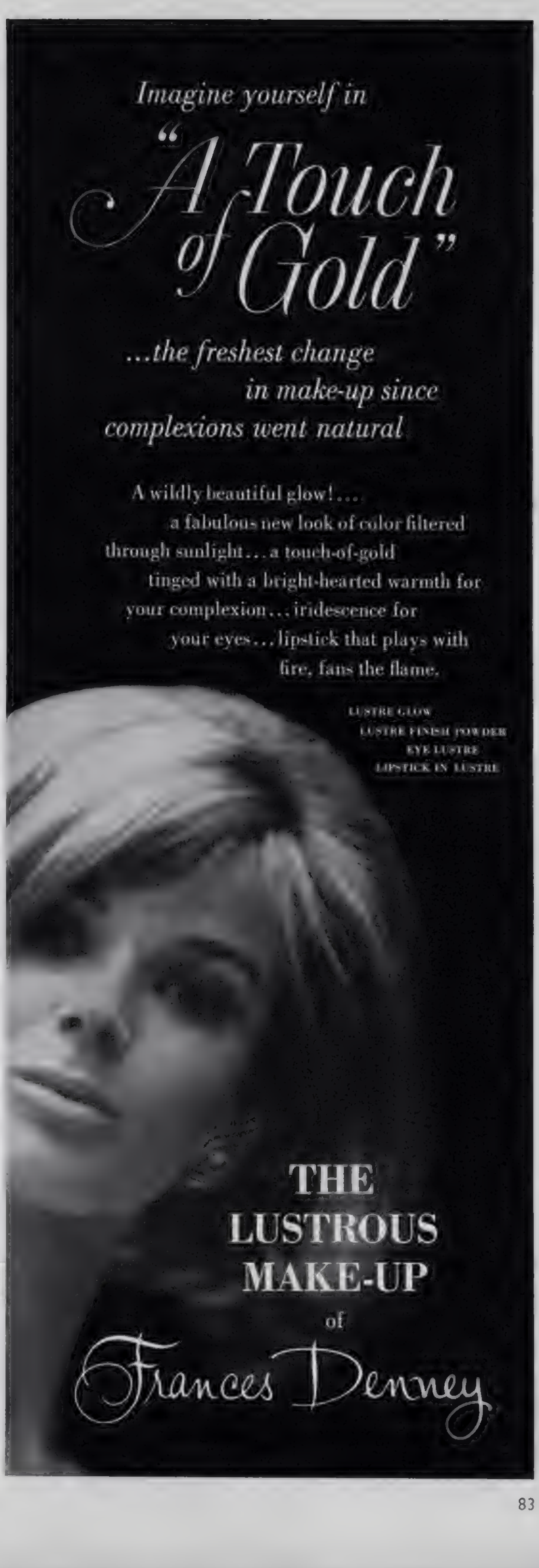
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The dashing collection of Princess Irene Galitzine at the Italian Embassy in Washington

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To show her friends the collection of a Russian princess who designs some of the most exciting clothes in Italy—or anywhere—Mrs. Sergio Fenoaltea turned the great baroque drawing room of the Italian Embassy into a fashion runway. Three sloe-eyed mannequins from Rome—and three from Baltimore and Washington—streaked down the crimson carpet past guests on gilded Thonet chairs. The cheers which began with bikinis, and ended with gossamer sari-silk evening dresses, were cheeriest for the Galitzine way with palazzo pyjamas. Tea was served in the dining room off a garden filled with sculpted figures and fountains—a patch of neo-Renaissance in Washington, D. C.

1. Princess Irene Galitzine. 2. Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss. 3. Mrs. Paul Rogers, wife of a Congressman from Florida. 4. Guests watching the collection. 5. A Roman mannequin. 6. Mrs. Giuseppe Maria Borga, wife of a Second Secretary of the Italian Embassy with Mrs. Sergio Fenoaltea, wife of the Italian Ambassador to the U. S. 7. Countess d'Ursel, wife of the Belgian Minister in Washington. 8. Mrs. Ali Bengelloun, wife of the Ambassador of Morocco to the U. S. 9. Mrs. Francis L. Spalding. 10. Mrs. Paolo Galli, wife of a Second Secretary of the Italian Embassy.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A Black and White Ball in Beverly Hills, given by Mr. and Mrs. Dominick Dunne



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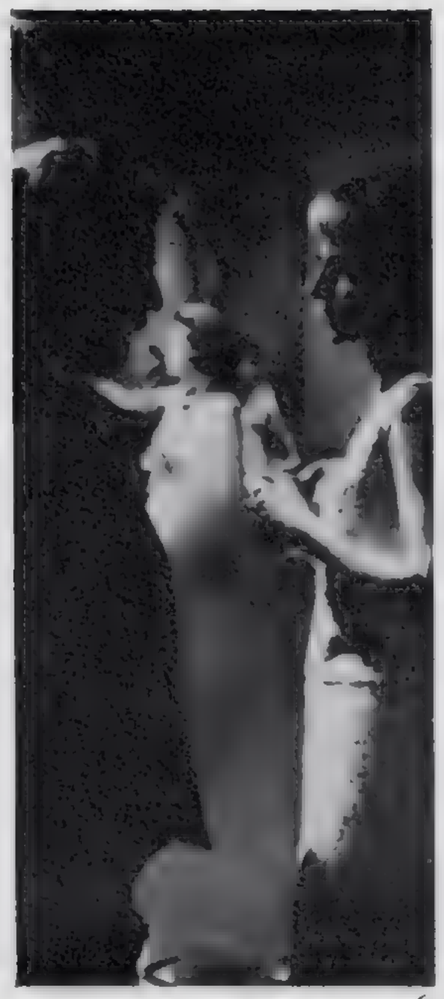
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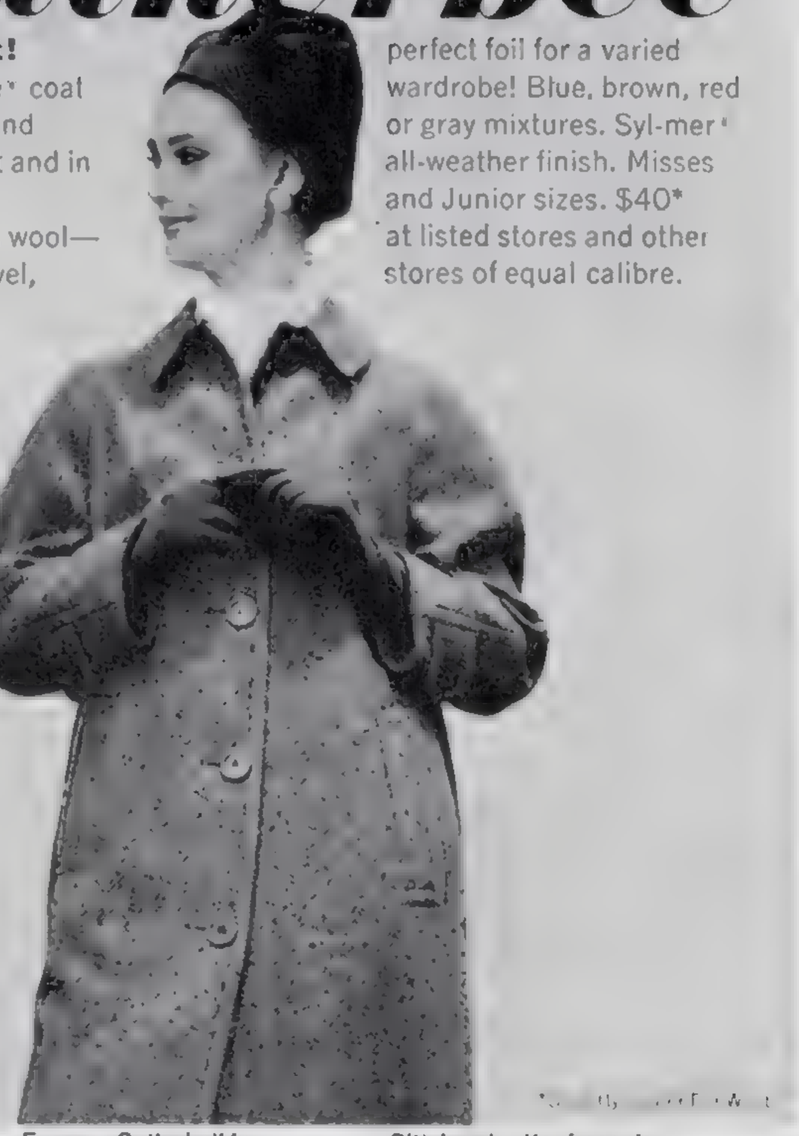
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Flowers and flowers (hydrangeas mostly) and painted canvas murals of flowers turned the Dominick Dunnes' Beverly Hills house into a garden—pink, blue, trellised, lovely—for a tenth wedding anniversary party, which went on and on, bypassing the dawn as if it were a weed. At the roots of it all was Jack McCullagh, a Phoenix set designer, who arrived five hundred hours early to plot, plant, and paint. "Ladies please wear black or white," said the invitations. They did, substituting for colour glittering dresses of beads and jewels. Dancing, to two orchestras in the tented rear garden, began slow and ended Watusi.

1. Mr. and Mrs. Dominick Dunne. 2. Miss Natalie Wood. 3. Mrs. Richard Shepherd, Mrs. Tony Franciosa. 4. Mr. Dunne greeting Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale, and Mr. and Mrs. Billy Wilder. 5. Mr. Robert Walker, Miss Gina Lollobrigida. 6. Mr. Peter Ustinov and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Jr. 7. Mrs. Mark Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Butler. 8. Miss Tuesday Weld and Mr. Truman Capote, dancing the Watusi. 9. Mrs. Helmut Dantine.

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For the store in your city write: Weatherbee Coats, Inc., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

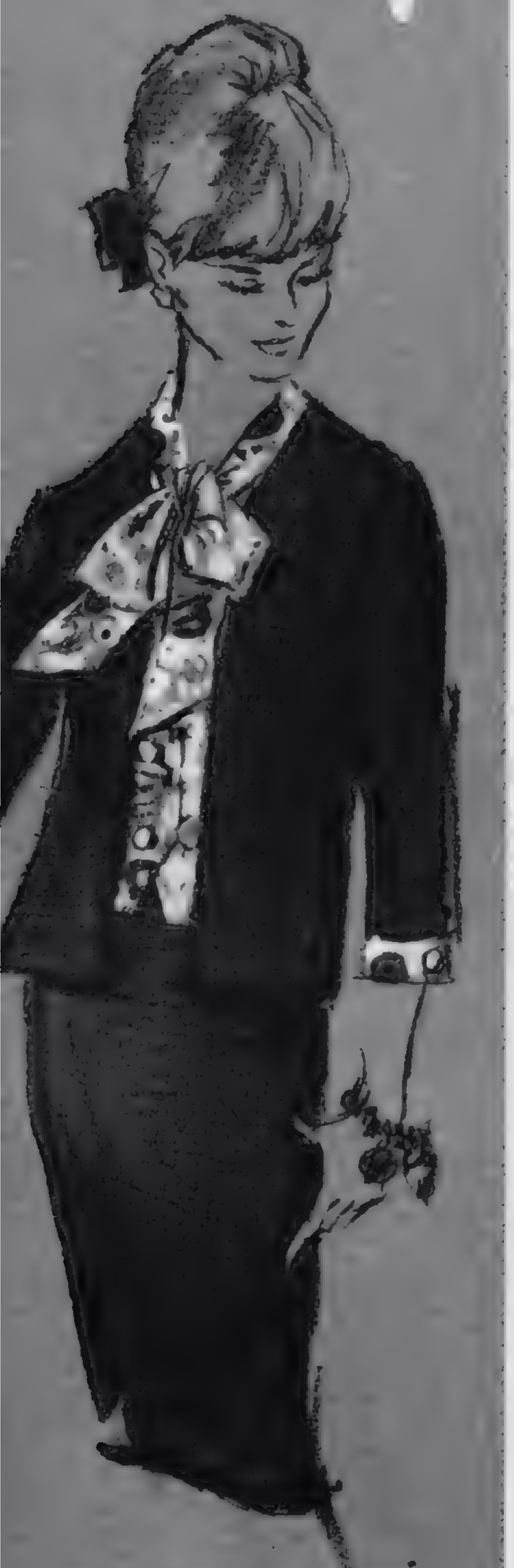
Could Gordon's possibly be older than the London Bobby?

Yes. Sir Robert Peel reorganized the London Police, or "Bobbies", in 1829. But this was 60 years *after* Alexander Gordon introduced his remarkable gin to London. Today's Gordon's is based on his 1769 formula. It's the biggest-selling gin in England, America, the world!



PRODUCT OF U. S. A. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

Justin McCarty



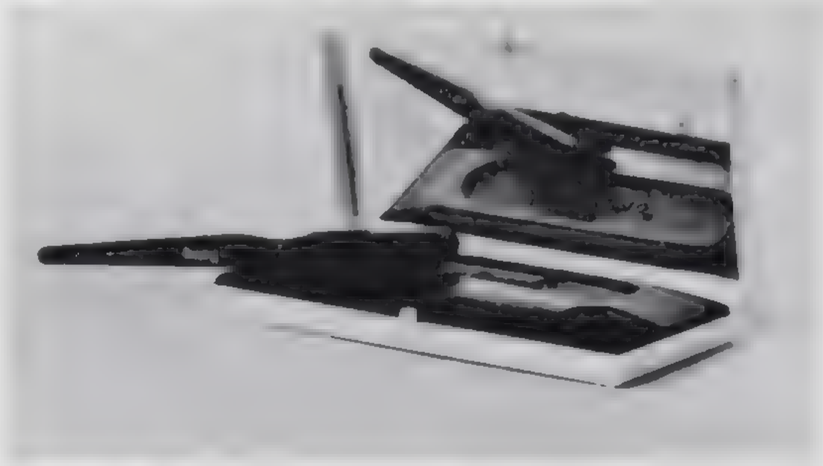
Expect the unexpected in a Justin McCarty worsted wool double knit ensemble, for every facet of fashion in this Jody VanAmburgh design is delightfully different. The honeycomb knit is finely textured, the bow tied blouse is pure silk and the coloring is masterful. A modern print for the blouse, and royal, brandy, red in the double knit. Sizes 6 to 18 . . . $90

Julius Lewis

1460 Union Ave • 114 S. Main
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Big-time eye make-up



Part of the charm of this new cake mascara by DuBarry is the formula of the mascara, good old mascara, an excellent lash builder-upper. But its special élan is its size: b-i-g. There's a brush you can get a grip on (see actual-size picture, page 151). There's a non-thrifty mirror, set in the cover of a 4½-inch-long white case, in which you can see your whole face. There's a feeling about the compact that if the eyelashes don't turn out masterfully there's something a bit wrong with the dexterity of the woman wearing them. But there won't be.

More about the new perfume arrival marked by that boat on page 151



When a house long in perfumery, with several famous perfumes already bearing its name, develops a new fragrance and brings it out simultaneously in France and the U.S.A., in perfume and cologne, in a dozen different shapes including mists and bath powder, it can be pretty safely assumed that there are notes rather spectacularly appealing, rather especially newsworthy, about the scent. This is indeed the case with Corday's Possession, an alluring brew of roses and jasmine and unnamed, elusive flowers we're sure would never grow in our garden. The Corday perfume artists in France have been on the scent of Possession for years (for a "generation," its makers say) and, to symbolize their final satisfaction with Possession's complex aura, to make it clear that they feel it is about to become a legend in their lifetime, they have dressed it in packages bearing a motif inspired by the Unicorn Tapestries. In this handsome housing, Possession will be waiting, any moment now, to be possessed. (Continued on page 90)



Lacey Lily

by Lily of France
at these and other fine stores:

Albany, N. Y.
Honigsbaums
Atlanta, Ga.
Rich's Inc.
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Hutzler Bros.
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Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Chicago, Ill.
Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Denver, Colo.
Neusteter Co.
Hartford, Conn.
G. Fox & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.
Farrars
Miami, Fla.
Jordan Marsh-Miami
Milwaukee, Wisc.
T. A. Chapman Co.
Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.
Dayton Co.
New Haven, Conn.
The Edw. Malley Co.
New York City, N. Y.
Best & Co.
Oakland, Calif.
I. Magnin & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Bonwit Teller & Co.
Portland, Ore.
Best's Apparel, Inc.
Providence, R. I.
Gladdings, Inc.
Richmond, Va.
Thalhimer Bros.
Rochester, N. Y.
B. Forman Co.
Sacramento, Calif.
I. Magnin & Co.
San Francisco, Calif.
I. Magnin & Co.
Seattle, Wash.
Best's Apparel, Inc.
Spokane, Wash.
The Crescent
Syracuse, N. Y.
The Addis Co.
Tulsa, Okla.
Fields
Washington, D.C.
Julius Garfinckel & Co.
Wichita, Kan.
Farrars

Lily of France

A SUBSIDIARY OF THE BERGER BROTHERS COMPANY



Lacey Lily

Who but Lily of France could have done it! At last—an all stretch bra that's beautiful in the bargain. Fine, hand-clipped lace, and wisp-weight elastic give you a lovely lift with the greatest of ease and comfort. The girdle is 'you-shaped' for fluid motion . . . so comfortable you must wear it to believe it. It has scallops of imported lace, a reinforced front panel, and something Lily calls 'the natural derriere'. (The days of covering up curves are gone!) Both in nylon and Lycra® spandex; Wild Strawberry, Dove, Black or White. The bra; $7.95. The girdle; $13.95.

Lycra® is a Dupont trademark

Lily of France®

A SUBSIDIARY OF THE BERGER BROTHERS COMPANY





20

Among twenty Cordials by Cointreau, there's a flavor that can be the crowning touch to your dinner tonight. There are liqueurs, fruit-flavored brandies and specialties—Cointreau in quality, Cointreau in reputation. ▪ Cointreau Liqueur, *the crowning touch to a perfect dinner,* 80 Proof. Produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.

(Continued from page 88)

From Germany: a spray for the face

Spring water is healthy—inside *and* out, many dermatologists maintain, citing something about its mineral and trace content. Healthy or not, a spray-dew wafting into this country from the Black Forest Mountains around Baden-Baden seems to have remarkable refreshment qualities, as well as virtues as a make-up setter. The finest of mists, composed of pure spring water with a bit of fruit and plant extract—we like it as a final breeze on the just made-up face, as a revivifier during the day. It's instantly cooling and the glow it leaves *is* healthy. The name: Biodroga Fontaine. The place: Lord & Taylor.

The Scaring Crow's-feet Away Department

Breathes there a woman with curiosity so dead she doesn't love to read about under-eye improvement, about crow's-feet successfully toned down? If she breathes, she does not around here, where we snap up any papers detailing experience with cosmetic compounds that have the easement of aging skin symptoms in mind. Such a new product is called Genava, and it follows that we were enthralled to read reports just in from a small collection of responsible skin-watchers to whom we gave jars of Genava for testing. "Quite unusual," one wrote. "Although it has a thick texture, it soaks right into my skin leaving only a velvety matte feel." Another reports: "Gives tingling sensation around my lips, which are terribly dry and sensitive. Get the feeling something is happening for the better.". . . "Have used Genava two weeks now," writes still another, "and believe that the texture of my skin has improved, and the lines have filled out a little. Overall appearance of skin definitely better, which I notice especially when I am without make-up. I like the process of using this cream, the after-feel: like being able to use it at night without smearing my pillow." . . . Genava is the latest *produit* of Produits Nina, and we were interested to learn that the tradition of Produits Nina, which the first Madame Nina began in Paris, France, in 1907, now waltzes quite happily on from a home base in Paris, Tennessee. At Filene's.

Closer shaves the gentle way

There is a celebrated hair-colouring firm we know (you know, too) that has come up with a smooth-hair-removing item. They sent us a note that read: "We would be most interested in your *frank* opinions of Ultra Smooth—how good a product it is for your purposes, what you like about it, what you don't like about it or about its (Continued, page 92)



A relationship. She confesses her Marvellissimo pearls aren't real. He says he wouldn't care if the diamonds were rhinestones. She doesn't tell him that the diamonds are rhinestones. They kiss. And the pearls iridesce, the rhinestones shimmer, the golden look gleams far into the night. "Versailles" 2 row choker, $20. Earrings, $8. Prices plus Fed. Tax. Marvella Inc., 385 Fifth Ave., New York 10016.

marvella. could it be the real thing?

Cling! for pants: slims natural back, hugs invisibly, has amazing up-down stretch, weighs four ounces. 3 pants-match colors 10.95. Leisure Life Collection by

Venus



Venus • 2200 W. Lawrence, Chicago 25

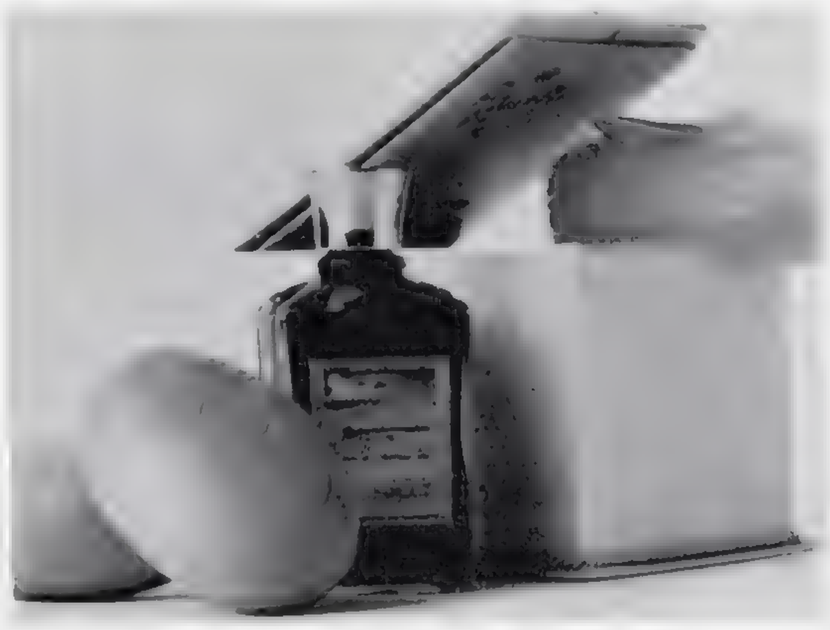
VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

(Continued from page 90)

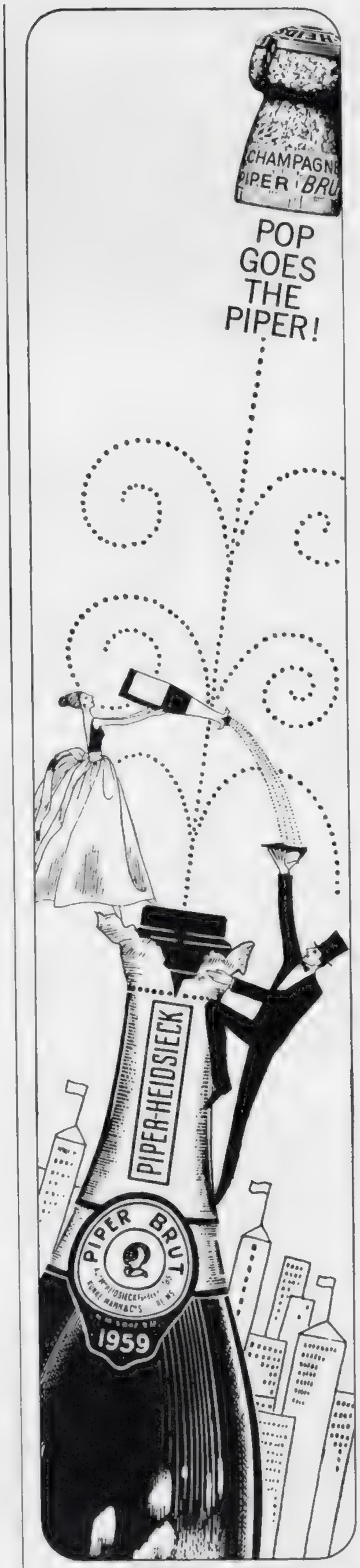
use." They even said "Thank you so much for your help" before we had even helped at all. Now we will help. This is what any user's frank opinion would be. Ultra Smooth, a woman's shaving cream, is a sky-blue gel; goes on foamlessly, invisibly, seems to melt away; contributes to an extremely close shave, leaves no feeling of scraping or roughness; is not sticky; is superlative for last-minute grooming, underarm or over leg. (In the case of underarm, it permits the application of an anti-perspirant immediately after shaving.) It really seems to improve the shaving process, make it more palatable. What we don't like about it? The thought of ever getting along without it. Who makes it? Clairol. Who sells it? Who doesn't.

Famous perfume enters the bathing room

Unquestionably one of the greatest things that can happen to a woman entubbed is the addition to her bathing ambiance of her most favoured scent. This is more easily dreamed of than come by. Perfumes don't take to pulverization. They don't necessarily want to be captured in soap. They can't always



be accurately blended in bath oil. . . . The remarkably rivetting floral bouquet of Evyan's White Shoulders has become, in perfume and cologne form, the one-and-only personal scent of certain elegant women around the world. . . . To turn its magnificent essence to more diversified tasks took doing, experimenting, took even new, unprecedented machinery. But fastidious scent-designer that she is, Miss Evyan seems to have persisted—and now the ravishing White Shoulders fragrance has been meticulously reproduced in three neat bather-enhancers. Starting with a bulky, hard-milled (translated: lasts longer) soap. Going on to golden Bath Drops which, after sprinkling a morning dip, leave a body with provocative memories all day. Dusting the whole thing off with White Shoulders Bath Powder, a translucent powder that required, for its making, the creation of a unique machine. To give their accomplishments properly breathtaking environs they designed packages white satin inside, white moire outside. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus.



PIPER-HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE

PIPER BRUT 1959 VINTAGE
PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE
CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS
PIPER PINK
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



Have a *real* fling – in marvelous Mexico

■ Come for awhile—you'll want to stay forever! Mexico offers such a variety of rich enjoyment. There is the spirit-lifting beauty of Mexico's scenic wonders; the relaxing mood of a carefree way of life. You'll love the charming villages and colorful fiestas, the gay music and gourmet foods, *tipico* nightclubs and International entertainment.

You'll visit awe-inspiring ruins of bygone civilizations. Enjoy deep-sea fishing in blue Pacific or warm Gulf waters. Swim and skin dive...and laze on unspoiled beaches. The sun shines all year for golf, jai alai, horse-racing, and the thrilling spectacles of *charro* riding and bullfights. Shopping for silver and artcraft bargains is fun, too.

Mexico is easy to reach—just a few jet hours away, no ocean to cross. Modern comfort and genuine Mexican friendliness will charm you when you get here—and the foreign *ambiente* means a refreshing change! So have a real fling—come have a gay, unforgettable vacation. Ask your travel agent to make your next trip—marvelous Mexico.



MEXICAN NATIONAL TOURIST COUNCIL
Mexican Government Tourist Department
Dept. V-3, 2 East 55th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

☐ Please send me illustrated literature on Mexico.

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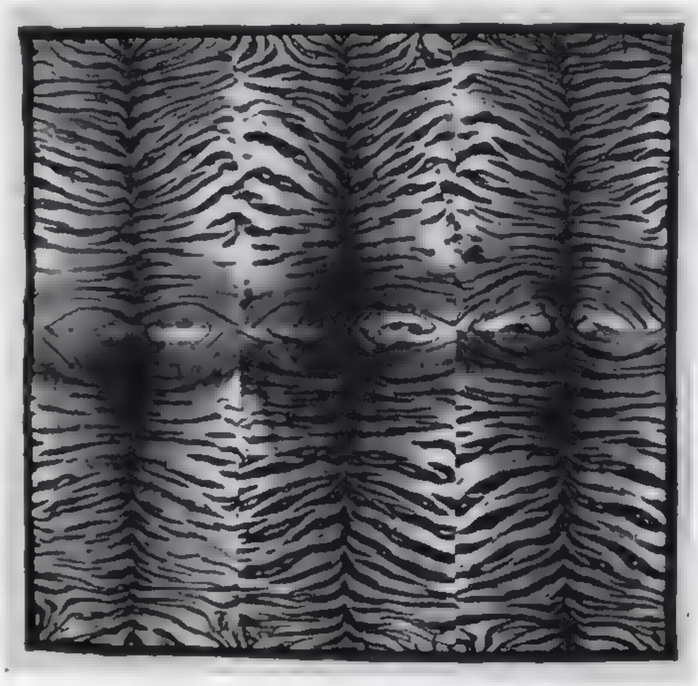
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Vogue's SHOP HOUND SAFARI



Mohair, muffled in fox

One of the prettiest coats to wear this winter—ribbed buff mohair knitted by hand; throat and wrists deep in natural golden amber fox. Lined in silk. Also any colour. $850. Made to order at Henry à la Pensée, Inc., 8 East 54th Street, New York 22. Amrose hat.



The tiger in the house

Rug of six perfectly matched Bengal tiger skins—black and golden streaks in a tawny patch of jungle eight feet square. Lined and interlined. $5,700 inc. tax. John Vesey, Inc., 969 Third Ave., N.Y. 22.



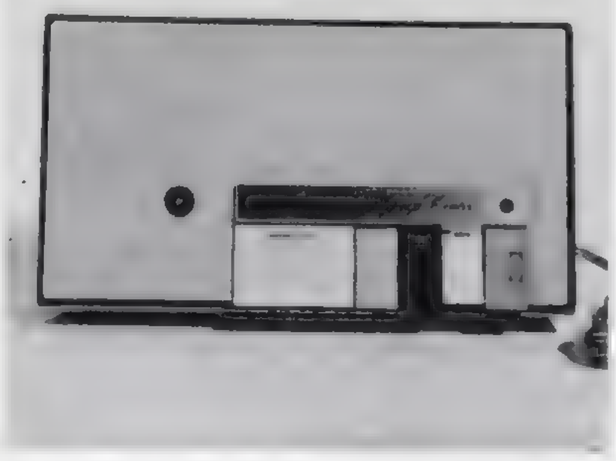
Marabou and satin at home

Little sweater of white marabou—short-sleeved, easy, pulled over a slender skirt of white Staron satin slashed high on one side. Both lined in silk. Top: S, M, L; $85. Skirt, made to order in any colour; $100. José de Lema, New York Hilton, 1335 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19.



Lilac kittens

Rarest of the breed—lilac-point Siamese kittens with eyes the colour of rubies; very quiet and affectionate. Each $125 ppd., shipped anywhere. Kitten Cottage & Dog House, 979 First Ave., N. Y. 22.



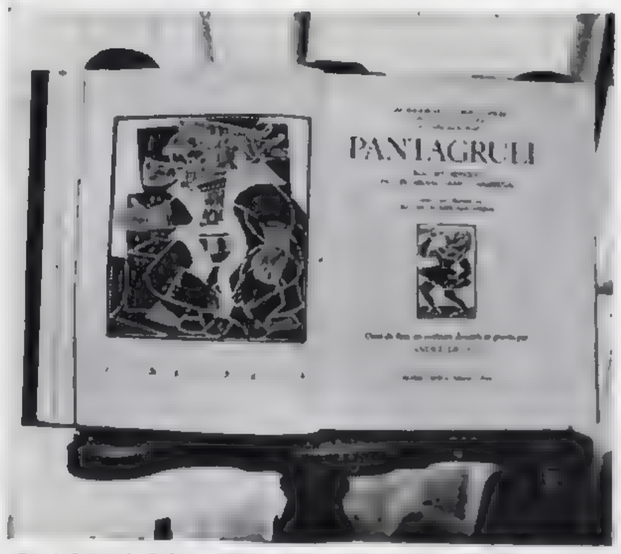
Now hear this . . .

Small tape recorder for absentee orders to children or help. Three-minute messages. Approx. 3″ x 10″ x 6″; 5 lbs. About $40. For more information, write Westinghouse Electric Corp., TV-Radio Division, Metuchen, New Jersey.



French toasts

Champagne, Brut 1959, tapped from the Ruinart vineyard in Rheims, France—this vineyard, owned in part by Baron Philippe de Rothschild. $8.20 the bottle. From Luria, 1217 Madison Ave., N. Y. 28.



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

Art for a bibliophile

Rabelais's *Pantagruel*, illustrated with 128 woodcuts by André Derain—a rare example of multicolour printing from single blocks. One of a limited edition of 275, published in Paris, 1943. $1,920. From H. P. Kraus, 16 East 46th St., N. Y. 17.

PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

Where?



Wear

Sacony along the Grand Canal and you'll be one of the glorious sights to see in romantic Venice. Sacony is great wherever you are, for the well-bred manner of it is universally admired.

This relaxed, willowy look is in richly-textured wool knit. Moss green with rust acetate blouse and matching lining. Also in blue wool with rose. Sizes 8–18, about $60.

Sacony, 1407 Broadway, NYC.

Sacony.®





The "Monteil Look" is Gala...

and gay, made for glittering evenings. It's a high-fashion look, created more by light than color. It lights your eyes with "**Silver Fox**" Eye Shadow — your lips with "**Rousing Red**" Super-Lumium Lipstick — and finally, your whole make-up with luminous "**Night-light Gold**" Color Blend.

Germaine Monteil

SEPTEMBER 15, 1964 VOGUE



Grès jewelled stocking jet, pearls, and crystal at the knee, glimpsed through a slit skirt.

PENN

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF MADAME GRÈS

EDITOR'S NOTE: The autumn collection of Mme. Grès marked a new triumph for this superb craftsman and designer—always a great talent, full of romanticism and dreams, and known for "a sleeping beauty of a house." In the flurry of pleasure and excitement in Paris, the Editor of American Vogue asked the Editor of French Vogue, Edmonde Charles-Roux, for her impressions of Mme. Grès. This is Mlle. Charles-Roux's account of the interview that took place shortly thereafter.

She is like Mélusine, the fairy, playing at being a nun; she is an Abbess riding in a Mercedes; she is something effacing itself and yet triumphant... a timid pirate with plenty of nerve under his turban; she is a strange little animal, this Mme. Grès... busy, obstinate, always alert of eye, at times a bit trembling, a little anxious. But let the wild animal beware, let any great beast who might dare lie down and block her path beware. I wouldn't give a cent for his skin. He would be flattened, pulverized, changed into a rug. Because Mme. Grès is the personification of Will... she is determination in person, and there is not the slightest nostalgia for the past in her head, nor is there the slightest trace of reminiscence in what she creates. One could not imagine a more dynamic, up-to-the-minute person than she. Come, now, Mme. Grès, admit it—your secret will remain between us and I will repeat it to no one: aren't you a dictator who would like to be taken for a mouse?

Now then. To get Mme. Grès to speak of herself is an affair of State. As a result of battles lost and battles won, she has decided to envelop herself, once and for all, in the fog of mystery, and she presents herself by choice, by habit, or by philosophy as quite tranquil, and completely camouflaged. Is it known that she lives in a superb apartment? No one, but no one, in Paris knows this. Louis XIII tables, modern sofas. Handsome paintings on the walls. One thinks oneself at the Escorial. Everything is clear-cut in her house. Everything is sumptuous. The façade is of the choicest stone; big windows, with solid grilles of wrought iron, all conceived by a Grand Prix de Rome architect, who knew his business and who didn't fool with the quality of materials. It is in the style of the 1930's—but what a 1930's! And moreover, it is three steps from the Bois de Boulogne. That was the chic quarter in the 'thirties, the sixteenth arrondissement where the Hispano Suizas, the Delahayes, and the Bugattis were parked. It was the epoch of the beginnings of Mme. Grès.

Her taste for secretiveness is such that it takes more ruses to get her to identify herself than to drag a confidence from a Sicilian. With great trouble I discovered that she had an Italian grandmother and a German grandfather. Because of the monosyllables in which she spoke, I dared a pleasantry: Was her grandmother from Palermo by any chance? No. Roman. Good. And her grandfather—from where in Germany was he? Bavaria? Prussia? He was German. Period. And her father? An industrialist.... Useless to ask what kind of industry he was in. She wouldn't tell me. We went on. I learned that having done some sketching and then studied cutting for three months, she was "thrust"—her word—"thrust into the couture." I was astonished. "Only three months of study and then, all of a sudden, just like that, the leap into the void?" Her answer whipped out at me: "I was very quick at everything," she informed me, "and also in a great hurry."

New mystery here: a person appeared in her story whose name she would not tell. The word by which she designated him enchanted me.

"There was *quelqu'un* among my friends who knew the commissionnaires. *Quelq'un*.... I was ready in advance to feel the liveliest attraction to this *quelq'un* who had been able to convince the novice that she should show her toiles to the people in the business, this *quelqu-un* who had helped her to conquer a disastrous timidity. Before these gentlemen who terrified her, she stood, mouth open, her hand on her valise, not daring to unfold her samples. Then she burst into sobs. The Mme. Grès of today passes severe judgment on the timid girl of that time. "Those people," she told me, "thought they were dealing with a crazy woman."

But success was immediate and there was such a demand for more and more of her designs that it seemed to her the simplest thing would be to open a couture house. Three rooms on the rue de Miromesnil were the frame for her modest beginnings. She stayed there a few months. Success very soon chased her to three storeys in a house on the Avenue Matignon. She gave the name Alix to this sumptuous

MADAME GRÈS

enterprise. It was the year 1934. Intoxicated by the success of the woman I was questioning, I ventured a question:

"Your first name is Alix?"..."No, no."..."Well then, why Alix?" "It was my nickname."..."Were you called by that name by your family?"..."No, no."

What was the use of insisting? She would never tell me who it was who called her Alix for the first time. I tried another tack: "Were you the sole owner of this nickname which you have made your trade name?"..."No, no."..."Whose name was it then—this magical first name?"..."The financial backers'," she replied in a resigned voice.

So here we had Mme. Grès, director of a couture house of world-renown, which carried her name but of which she was only a salaried employée. "I was paid less than a première in an atelier," she said.

One day—it was in 1938—Mme. Grès first dared to be angry. It was a timid anger, than which nothing is more terrible. The anger of Mme. Grès shook the House of Alix like a tempest, a hurricane; made its foundations tremble. What did she want? More money and right away. Otherwise she would leave them and there would be no more dresses, no more collections. To prevent her from leaving, she was offered half of the house. "Who?" was my anguished cry, "Who, who, who made Mme. Grès the offer of becoming the proprietor of the celebrated house of Alix where all the elegant women of Europe were dressed? Who?"

"A person," she told me in a flat voice.

Then, in order to turn aside my curiosity, she plunged me into the war of 1940 (because it was right on them, that war, followed soon after by defeat). The war broke like a thunderclap, stopping cold the success of the House of Alix, whose doors were hastily closed. Farewell to the lovely Grecian dresses, the knowing draperies; farewell to the lovely frivolous Paris of before the war....Mme. Grès departed, a tiny child in her arms...."Ah—because in the meantime...?"

"Yes, I had married, and I had a little girl a few months old."

She went away. She quit Paris, and many other people did likewise....She says that she chose "a hole" on the Spanish frontier as a place of refuge. But the holes in which Mme. Grès seeks refuge are not like any other holes. This "hole" had a superb name. It was called Saint-Bea-Clef-de-France. It was the name of a citadel, a fortress, or a palace at the edge of a lake. But Mme. Grès assured me that it was a tiny village, where she was enormously bored....

In Paris, things were going badly, and Mme. Grès found herself forced to leave the quiet horizons of Saint-Bea-Clef-de-France. She was denounced to the Germans. They said that she was Jewish.

I was indignant. Who had done this evil thing? What was the name of this traitor?

"A person..." she repeated...."Always the same one?"..."Yes."

Mme. Grès returned to Paris. The town was in the hands of the Germans. She brandished under their noses papers which proved she had been wrongly denounced. Then she called up the He or the She responsible for all her miseries and right there administered to that Person a formidable slap; and that was the end of Alix.

What could she do after that....And how the devil put the pieces together again. Should she buy up the Other Person's half of the business? She hadn't the money. So she sold her part in the business. She lost her name and her house.

We gazed at one another in dismay. We forgot the lovely apartment in which we were seated. Its freshness...I tried to interest myself for a moment in a painting by Ingres which was there on the wall: "The Judgment of Béatrice Cenci." It was very handsome. The prettily draped turban on Béatrice was without doubt the origin of the eternal turban of Madame Grès.

...But why was I thinking of that now? Let's continue: War was on. The House of Alix was dead. Mme. Grès had just slapped *quelq'un* who wished her ill. She didn't want to hear anything about dresses, fittings, the haute couture. Her discouragement was vast. She wanted to go far away and forever. She wanted to go to Tahiti and rejoin the father of little Anne. He was a Russian and a painter. He was called Serge Czerefkov, but he signed himself Grès.

Thank heaven that Lucien Lelong opposed this departure. There was no question of going to Tahiti. Paris needed women like her. Work must be given to them. The disappearance of the haute couture must be prevented. So she got to work again, and two years before the liberation she opened, on the rue de la Paix, a couture house from which she has not since budged, to which she has given the name of that far away voyager husband, that Grès who, for his part, preferred Tahiti and would never return from there.

Naturally, business does not carry on by itself. She started at zero. The women, the wholesale houses, the press—all the world was unaware of the fact that Grès was Alix. Moreover, her dresses did not please the Germans. "I was doing the opposite of everything I was supposed to do," she told me....

In the first place, she would not receive them. When they rang the bell at the door, without troubling herself she assured the German women that she had nothing, but nothing, to show them. Dresses? No, no. They were all taken apart, in pieces and bits, not even basted, not showable....Materials? No, no. She didn't show materials to anyone. Where did the materials come from? That was her business....

I can just hear her! What a lot of "No, noes" she must have served up to these German women.

It was decided that the Maison Grès must be closed. Mme. Grès took steps. Bérard and Cocteau were indignant. People intervened for her. She went to the German Embassy to protest. A young functionary received her...No, no, she couldn't remember the name of this man. He was distinguished, well-bred, and he too became indignant on her behalf. He was altogether anti-Hitler. She also had to plead with a Minister—a Frenchman, a very ugly man, like a large soufflé. He promised nothing—and of course Madame Grès couldn't remember his name? No, no. Not the tiniest idea. By dint of insistence, the Maison Grès was authorized to reopen, and it was the last collection before the liberation of Paris. The Germans announced that they were coming. There was no way of showing them the door. A few chairs were saved for them. In the collection, there were a few materials whose origins could not be admitted. Some silks that had arrived from Lyons by certain means...in short, by means not too orthodox.... These forbidden dresses—what should be done with them? Mme. Grès suddenly decided to exhibit them in niches....If anyone asked any indiscreet questions, she could say that—well, these dresses were not really dresses, they were statues....It's allowed to have statues in one's house, isn't it? But at the last minute the Germans decided not to come.

"Too bad," Mme. Grès told me. "I had organized a real parade for them. All the dresses that were not in the niches, all those that were shown on real mannequins of flesh and bone—all, without exception were in materials of blue, white, red."

And we laughed and laughed together at this good joke. We were laughing about the past, which does not weigh too heavily on her. We laughed about her first perfume, the one that had to be quickly removed from sale because she christened it "Chouda,"—a word which, it seems, means something very very far from decent in Hindu.

We were laughing about the prodigious success of her current perfume, which she has named "Cabochard," which in French means pig-headed. Are you pig-headed, Mme. Grès?

"It is not being obstinate to have a feeling for strictness," she answered me. "Therefore I love everything that is strictly of today."... Her fashion is there to be her witness.

EDMONDE CHARLES-ROUX



MADAME GRÈS PHOTOGRAPHED BY PENN



PARIS

On these 20 pages, Vogue's second Collections report—beginning with the glorious at-home looks of Grès



Grès: the supreme dressmaker at the top of her form. Completely modern—sexy, romantic without a trace of nostalgia... a feeling for splendour and mystery. Her cuts are dreams of invention... every line faithful to the line of a woman's body... cloth made to move like the extension of a gesture. Always a sense of coquetry, in which secrets are tantalizingly half-revealed, half held-back... a slim jewelled knee briefly visible in the movement of a long slit sheath... hands darting out of voluptuous brocade folds... ankles flashing jet under a magnificent concealment of embroidery. *This, shown left and right here:* one of the sumptuous Grès at-home robes—a wide, flowing poncho with gold and bronze pineapple embroidery, slightly trained in back, lifted well above the knees in front over gathered black jersey pants, cuffed in jet. Worn with a tight little Grès cap. Poncho of Arnel, cotton, Crylor (Hurel brocade).



PARIS
the great at-home robes of Grès–folds of jersey... bias brocade

Left: Jersey poured on the body in the most moving Grès manner —long straight folds at the front, a swell of fullness in back. Grey, beige, and white with a cowl of ivory mohair biased over the shoulders. Veron angora jersey. *Right:* The Dalai Lama robe— an opulence of biased white silk brocade embroidered in gold, red, turquoise...hands and feet wonderfully seductive...throat rising delicately from the flat, fitted V of the neck. Bucol fabric. Coiffures: Roger of Alexandre.

PENN





PARIS

Black lace still the grand provocateur... Tiers, ruffles, flounces... Now often shiny with jet, with ciré

Left: From Laroche, a thousand ruffles—short black Chantilly lace with narrow velvet ties to keep it from blowing off the dance floor. Dress and mantilla, of Marescot lace. I. Magnin. *Right:* Venet's flamenco culottes—shiny, stiffened, sibilant flounces of black ciré lace...a crush of brown taffeta at the waist...tight basque bodice, buttoned in jewels. Dognin lace. Coiffures: Roger of Alexandre.



PENN

PARIS

The correct young capecoats of Venet... clean fresh colours in flou tweeds. in firm smooth wool... the most adroit tailoring. A healthy collection— satisfying as a well-groomed bed of garden flowers.

Near right: Tweed capecoat in tulip colours — fuchsia. orange, pink. Hallenstein wool and mohair. *Far right:* Welted white wool. firm as felt, slightly shaped to the body under a waist-long cape. Collar rounded, pockets low. Of Prudhomme wool. At Lord & Taylor. The gloves by Kislav.









PARIS Pants all day: short...long ...with fur...with boots...straight-legged pants with cabled stockings

Left: Lanvin's pants turn-out — schoolboy-spunk and dash is the point. Small double-breasted reefer and a straight-legged knee-covering overall in greige ribbed wool. Worn with country stockings and a fat opossum beret. Turnout at I. Magnin. Stockings by Arran. D'Aya shoes. *Right:* The adventurous streaks at Laroche — legs going on forever in a brown wool-jersey jumpsuit. Stripling sealskin jacket, cuffed and collared in nutria. Nutria helmet; hair seal boots. Costume: I. Magnin. Roger Faré gloves. Overboot sling-back shoes: Roger Vivier for Laroche.

PENN



PARIS All out for pants.

Evenings, every degree of luxuriousness... every length. Mink britches... lace pantalettes...satin pantboots



Pants as Heim sees them: the very limit of luxury —leavened with fun. *Left:* Lithe and gleamy as a cat, turnout in jet-flicked black lace — covered, close tunic; pantalettes scalloped on the knee. With lacy black stockings. Turnout: Marescot lace. Sofia shoes. *Above:* The extravagant surprise—black mink... deep tight cuffs on jersey britches and a coat like a lean pulled-out windbreak, zipped all the way. Of Saga natural mink.

PENN

The pantboot — boots and pants at a stroke—from Simonetta & Fabiani's prettiest collection. Here, like the stems of flowers, pantboots under very short high-waisted tunics.
Left: Shades of shiny black —ciré lace tunic; satin pantboots. These by Roger Vivier. Dognin lace.
Right: Same pantboots; tunic of natural broadtail lamb—pale shimmery greige, collared and cuffed with diamanté embroidery. Fur: Max Leroy. Coiffures: Roger of Alexandre.



PARIS

The 6 o'clock coatdresses of St. Laurent: lamé, cloqué... soft, discreet, pale as moonlight... lovely close shoulders and long sleeves.

Left: Ivory cloqué wrapped to one side and sashed, making a wide pretty line at the neck and small folds around a flower of hot-red feathers at the waist. Coatdress of Abraham cloqué. *Right:* Very slender bodice and long slashed sleeves on a coatdress with redingote touches—palest pink-and-gold lamé; vivid coral lamé facing at the open neck and sleeves. Brossin de Méré fabric. Both St. Laurent dresses: I. Magnin. Coiffures: Roger of Alexandre. Roger Vivier shoes.

PENN





CHANEL

**triumphant–
a collection
more dashing
than ever...
Cut and fit,
colour
and fabric–
a consistency
of perfection**

Her most remarkable collection—all the known Chanel pleasures intensified, perfected....Extravagant fantasy jewels, a plunder of Mogul splendour....Adorable matelot pants in the easy, seductive manner that Chanel understands so well. Her superb suits—the world's prettiest uniform—with the subtlest differences: a shrinking here, a smoothing there... less shagginess to the famous tweeds...more deep pleats and more width to hemlines; and a slight fall at the back of skirts and jackets, creating a lovely, very feminine walk. *Far left:* In white shadow-checked wool, a pleated open-jacket suit opening on white silk. Filigree buttons on narrow sleeves; double chain at waist. Imported by Seymour Fox for Saks Fifth Avenue. Original: Neiman-Marcus. *Left:* Watermelon-pink tweeds—standing collar, stitched box pleats, a fit as fluid as water over the back, over the hips. Blouse and beret of Roman-striped silk—gold, blue, watermelon. All: Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

DAVID BAILEY

CHANEL

Day and late-day: the supreme little suits of Chanel, with their narrow beautiful shoulders and sleeves, perfect blouses; and this season's new, infinitesimal drop to the back of the jackets and skirts—nothing makes a woman's legs look prettier. *This page:* Tweeds and lamé—the late-day life perfected by Chanel....Black-and-white tweed mixed with turquoise, with a tiny stand-up collar, four pockets, and a shimmery turquoise lamé blouse. The same lamé lines the jacket; a side-folded pleat flicks out at the edge of the skirt. Imported by Davidow and copied for Bonwit Teller. Original also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Opposite page:* Beige and spice-brown plaid on one of Chanel's new, flatter tweeds. Spice-gold silk around the edges of the jacket and for the sleeveless blouse with double tucks down one side. Six-seam skirt. This, imported by Davidow and copied for Bonwit Teller. Original also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

TWEED WITH LAMÉ
PLAID AND SPICE-SILK

DAVID BAILEY







CHANEL

This collection, Chanel showed pants—the most feminine, most becoming pants ever; and issued one of the characteristic *pensées* that instantly became an edict: Chanel sees women in pants only in the country or at home. *Far left:* The first love—navy-blue wool pants and cardigan charmed with chalk-blue silk—blouse, cuffs, and a soft little sash. The cut of the pants, straight, wide in the leg, fitted above the leg; the bib in front fastens at the sides. Imported by Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson. *Left:* White matelot pants of lamé wool, cut on the bias and madly alluring, with a long coat of white mousseline de soie—a zephyry flip of scarf over the left shoulder, and a great Mogul pin. Imported by Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The coiffures on all six pages by René Goujon and Guillaume. Shoes by Massaro for Chanel.

NEW THIS YEAR: HER ADORABLE MATELOT PANTS

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The whip of world news pushing askew campaign plans in England, and here. . . . The prickly pomp of TV network rivalry over election coverage with commentators manoeuvred like cabinet ministers. . . . School, and, in some cities, the feeling that it's not what you learn but with whom you learn it that counts. . . .In France, the Provence discothèque, La Crupio, to which the young hurtle in Jags, Austins, and Deux Chevaux to dance to, especially, "Ma Vie," a slow seduction sung by Alain Barrière. . . . In Italy, this unexplained statistic: fifty to sixty percent of all books sold are bought by people under twenty. . . . Eric Sevareid's slap at pointless scrapping—"two bald men fighting for the hairbrush."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the scrambled image of Goldwater who seems alternately a big bad wolf and a very handsome man. . . . Anti-hoorays, another name in England for the Mods. . . . *Hot for Certainties*, a new novel by the English writer, Robin Douglas-Home, who, in telling the story of a good improbable young man victimized by the Establishment, invented, also, a bad probable girl named Polly for whom everything undesirable is a "swizz." . . . The deep, loamy voice of the young bass, Nicolai Ghiaurov, a strapping, blue-eyed Bulgarian whose American performances will be this season at the Chicago Lyric Opera in two *Dons, Carlo* and *Giovanni*. . . . The record, *Garbo!*, with luscious bites of sound-track from nine of her movies, played with eight men (from John Gilbert to Clark Gable) and Marie Dressler; funny, sexy, melo-, this LP is a lesson in the surprising variety of inflection of that actress whose face, on screen, often drowned out her voice.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Sammy Davis, Jr., due on Broadway in the musical, *Golden Boy*; he has the stage force of a wizard typhoon that, instead of breaking things, sets them right. . . . "Infusion," a drink half Bullshot, half Bloody Mary. . . . The American singer, Marilyn Horne, whose hurtling voice, leaping from mezzo to coloratura, will be heard at London's Covent Garden this fall in *Wozzeck*. . . . Mata Hari again, this time as the name of a musical planned in London by Wolf Mankowitz, and of a movie, planned in Paris, with Jeanne Moreau. . . . John Gunther's new novel, *The Lost City*, in which he describes Vienna in the mid-thirties with irresistible detail, lapping readers in small, memorable facts such as that the piping hot, slightly greasy, salted almonds served in certain cabarets "squeaked when you bit into them"; with sensuous persuasiveness, Mr. Gunther demonstrates how small things can trigger international cataclysms.

H.M. CONSTANTINE II King of the Hellenes, the world's youngest reigning monarch, on September 18, will make H.R.H. Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark the world's youngest queen. Clearly compounded in love, this royal match reunites the reigning houses of Greece and Denmark. Their young royalties share as ancestor King Christian IX of Denmark whose second son, as George I, founded the Greek line in 1863. They also share an inbred sense for crowned democracy, and a young pleasure in the zesty things of life. Tall, leggy, with blueberry-blue eyes set in thickets of dark lashes, Princess Anne-Marie loves to dance, to ski, to sail. As a schoolgirl in Copenhagen, she once earned ten dollars washing the car of a friend's parents. As Queen of Greece, she will direct the Royal Welfare Fund and Their Majesties' Fund, charities for youth centres and social rehabilitation. Viking-handsome, an Olympic gold-medal winner for sailing, King Constantine—known as Tino to his family—who has been schooled in kingship from the age of ten, now rules with the motto of his royal house: "My power is the love of my people." Never has the people's love been more powerful than for this, the most important royal wedding of the century—the first time, in the twentieth century, that a reigning monarch has married the daughter of a king.

EBERSTADT

H.M. CONSTANTINE II KING OF THE HELLENES, AND H.R.H. ANNE-MARIE OF DENMARK, THE ENCHANTING PRINCESS WHO WILL BECOME HIS QUEEN.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR VOGUE IN CORFU





THE AMAZING BRUCES

THE LIFE IN LONDON OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AND MRS. DAVID K.E. BRUCE AT WINFIELD HOUSE

The United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's and Mrs. David K. E. Bruce are, considered separately or together, exceptional in American diplomacy. In London, they have spread the colours of their remarkable lives over the imposing but anonymous official Ambassadorial residence, Winfield House. The Bruce exceptions start with the Bruce career. The only ambassador to have served in France, West Germany, and England, and the only non-career diplomat to have served under four Presidents of both parties, Ambassador Bruce may also be the man most young diplomats care to resemble. They admire his courage, humour, unfailing manners; "his unpassionate way of going after passionate problems," and his Jeffersonian run of skills. After he became Ambassador to France in 1949, he startled shooting parties given at Rambouillet by the President of France by not missing a shot. To be a good shot is one thing. To be a good shot who is encyclopaedically informed on foreign aid, the Common Market, French painting, antique furniture, English silver, and wines is startling. Europeans, who have grown accustomed to the Bruces' grace, often refer to them as "European." The Ambassador is, in fact, the complete Baltimore gentleman—a tough Baltimore gentleman with an American hepness and elasticity of mind. Member of two States' legislatures, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, Under Secretary of State, Chief of Mission for ECA: this incomplete patter of past titles expresses his career no more efficiently than the name on a gold mine expresses its worth.

The Bruces' sympathies and interests intermesh so closely they sometimes muddle even their friends. Does he know more about art? Does she know more about the French Revolution? Or is it the other way around? Certainly Evangeline Bruce, who is the wife, daughter, stepdaughter, and niece of diplomats, shares her husband's uncanny instinct for what is important and unimportant in politics, for Who Is and Who Will Be. Daughter of an American father and a British mother, Mrs. Bruce has lived in London, Teheran, Tokyo, and Peking; was with her stepfather in The Hague, Stockholm, and Berne, and with her uncle in Budapest and Copenhagen. She is, unsurprisingly, a whizz in the diplomatic languages (and gets along in Hungarian). Infinitely courteous, painstaking in her care for her friends, at times blisteringly funny, and as aware as an inside-stuff reporter, Mrs. Bruce seems to remain elusive. She has the devastating quality of a work of art: she is at once compellingly attractive and quite inscrutable. "The trouble is," said a friend, "she much prefers to be talked to than to talk." Without faltering in her exhaustive public rôle, she manages to preserve for herself and for the Bruce children, Alexandra, who is seventeen, David, fifteen, and Nicholas, twelve, pools of privacy and solitude, and time to walk, to read, to meditate. "The difficulty in describing the Bruces," someone said, "is that the words for excellence have been blown on adequacy. For the Bruces there are no clichés."

AMBASSADOR AND MRS. BRUCE, PHOTOGRAPHED HERE AND ON THE NEXT SIX PAGES BY CECIL BEATON



MRS. DAVID K. E. BRUCE, AT WINFIELD HOUSE,
THE AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE IN LONDON

CECIL BEATON

IN THE DRAWING ROOM AT WINFIELD, MRS. BRUCE, AMONG FLOWERS
PORTRAITS, THE MARKINGS OF HER "AFFECTION AND RESTRAINT



MRS. BRUCE WITH HER SECRETARY, AT WORK IN THE SITTING ROOM

MRS. BRUCE AT WINFIELD HOUSE

The touch of Mrs. Bruce lightens all the rooms at Winfield House, but her upstairs sitting-room, *above* and *opposite*, is an outburst of her interests. Here, in a swarm of papered file-boxes, mail, magazines, framed photographs, books, and flowers, Mrs. Bruce, with her secretary, Miss Gainford, copes with correspondence, the household, things in hand. Here is a share of her collection of writings on the French Revolution and the Directoire. In the photograph opposite is shown, on the wall behind Mrs. Bruce, a framed letter signed by Tallien; on the table beside her a book, *Lafayette*, by Lebey—as well as another book, *Homage to Kennedy*. Her sitting room may express Mrs. Bruce as well as do her clothes, which are unfussy, deliciously coloured, and internationally eclectic. She was photographed on these and the following pages in clothes from St. Laurent, Ricci, the London Dior Boutique, and American and English "off the peg." Downstairs in Winfield House, the reception rooms glow with the small paintings, sculptures, the portable treasures of the Bruces' diplomatic life. There the Bruces entertain in a way that only a really good chef, a superb wine cellar, and an exceptionally concerned hostess make possible. There, flowers, potted trees, the emphatic presence of living plants give a message about Mrs. Bruce. Paintings from American collections (some on loan from the National Gallery in Washington of which Ambassador Bruce is a past president) give a message about the United States—subliminal and right.

CECIL BEATON



EVANGELINE BRUCE: "HER LISTENING GAIETY"

AN AFFECTIONATE IMPRESSION BY THE BARONNE PHILIPPE DE ROTHSCHILD

The interest of Evangeline Bruce's moods, beauty, and quality lies in the difficulty in catching them. Her beautiful narrow face is appallingly difficult to photograph. It is a little like being given a thin fragment of Cycladic stone, enough for a face, and then being allowed to show its beauty only by photographing it from the side where it is two millimeters thick. The mane of her hair makes the outline. One is especially aware of the long narrow arms and, just now, the legs, sometimes in thick black lace stockings flashing out tipped in square-toed shoes from under long white evening skirts. Ideal. Her hands are remarkable. Then one notices the "softness" of her clothes for the country. Her sweaters and tweeds look softer than anybody else's and she never wears walking shoes in the house. Her feet look weightless . . . a happy change in the British Isles. And in France for that matter. (The only place the French suffer from Anglomania is in the country. So they affect very large feet to suggest, I believe, long stays in English country houses. These feet disappear on the way to town.) Now the moods. There is about Mrs. Bruce a great deal of laughter and a sort of listening gaiety and humour. Yet she can withdraw entirely while sitting in a roomful of people. Become as still as water. If you wonder where she has gone to, other than in the flesh, she is probably thinking about her dogs, two sad-eyed black-and-white spaniels. They play an enormous part in her life and they are always tumbling about her. You never hear her footsteps alone, they are always accompanied by the sound of soft paws and lightly clinking medals. I said to her one day how inevitable it was, once you cared for a dog or dogs, that they should become as interesting as people. "The difficulty," answered Mrs. Bruce, "begins when they become more so." She is the only person I know with the equivalent of a Saki (the *Beasts and Super-Beasts* Saki) wit.

Her observations are very personal and very feminine. When the Bruces were stationed in Germany, Mrs. Bruce would walk through the garden to its low wall to watch the barges go down the Rhine. I thought there must be something more in this than just a melancholy pastime. It was the names of the barges that interested her. The German choices were so sentimental, she said, the "Maria Luisa" and the like. The French on the other hand were such admirers of the intellect that they named their barges the "Paul Valéry," the "Madame Bovary."

Her relationships with people are intensely warm, with a tint of thankfulness. People of her quickness and *raffinement* may find in themselves sometimes a certain apartness from others, which I think must be to them somewhat disturbing and sometimes painful; perhaps it is that she is thankful that she likes others so much and finds such pleasure in them.

Taste. The Bruces' taste is conventional in the sense that the Ambassador is like an eighteenth-century man with all the glory of being, tastes, fun, and humanity that this implies. Their taste is unconventional in the sense that they pick up objects that in some way have a rarity, and that objects, not necessarily original to start with, become original because Mrs. Bruce owns them. This is due in part to the way she looks at them (as an artist, not so much with understanding as with a sort of re-creation); and in part, I believe, to her stay in Japan as a child when her father was in the diplomatic service there. She could really have been one of the beauties in *The Tale of Genji*. Both of the Bruces are collectors, so the downstairs rooms in the Ambassador's residence in London are filled with delicious finds, arranged as in any house of very certain distinction.

The dining-room table is set in the English way—a dark pool of wood, therefore—and on it are the Ambassador's Jacobean and William and Mary silver boxes; more collectors' pieces on the sideboards. The early American paintings on all (Continued on page 192)

MRS. DAVID K. E. BRUCE IN THE BLUE DRAWING ROOM



MRS. BRUCE IN REGENT'S PARK WITH HER DOGS, MILOU AND MOSEY

CECIL BEATON



LOOKS IN THE LEAD FOR

THE NIFTY

The looks of things here [illegible] as good as fresh currency, full of exciting blandishments, and dependable as [illegible]. Two looks here, eight more on the next pages, all made in America, ready to wear this minute. Wool jade and narrow, this page, a dress with a very individual kind of charm, an agile quaintness. The [illegible] at the shoulders, welt creased, a short under hem (that signals for the textured stockings and pantie girdles on pages [illegible]). By Shannon Rogers for Jerry Silverman, of pale blue wool, about $65 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman, Joseph Horne, Montaldo's, Rothstein's Marvella necklace. Kayser gloves. Continued on the things it is, opposite. It's knitted, it's supple and narrow, it's rhinestone buttoned, and it's one of the greatest looks around now. Textured wool in bright claret colour, with snug little sleeves, a tied neck. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, of Jaeco fabric, about $70 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Hosiery: Gus Mayer, Stix, Baer & Fuller. Shalimar gloves at Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffures by Kenneth

AMERICAN

THE LIMBER LITTLE WOOL DRESS—PALE AND AGILE...THE VIVID COATDRESS BUTTONED WITH SPARKLE

BERT STERN

GRAPE PINKS:
THE NARROW COAT.
MOBILE AT
THE BACK...
NARROW PLAID,
MORE PINK INSIDE

Tender grapes, the palest, tangiest tone for a charming young coat-shape, left—the double-breasted front falls to the body, the back has subtly controlled fullness that tapers up to narrow raglan shoulders. A little collar rolls away from the neck, framing a white scarf; sleeves are gathered to plump round cuffs. By Mademoiselle Ricci, of Worumbo wool; about $190. Bersoie scarf. Both at Lord & Taylor. Coat, also at Hudson's; Famous-Barr; Joseph Magnin. Miss Alice hat. Plaid suit, grape and grey, this page—the jacket, narrow and deeply double-breasted; the skirt, short with a deep pleat at one side. Soft nubbed wool, with a blouse of grape-pink wool jersey. By Mademoiselle Ricci, of Anglo fabric; about $245. Marcel Wagner gloves. Both at Lord & Taylor. Suit, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Gus Mayer. Marvella earrings. Miss Alice hat.



BERT STERN

A lean and marvellous day shape, left, with a soft, lanky bias overblouse, straight skirt, a bow-knotted sash of taupe suède. The dress, grainy oatmeal wool with a buttoned cutaway neckline, curving shoulders, narrow sleeves. By Adele Simpson; about $145. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Richelieu earrings. Leather wind sock by Adolfo. All buttons aside, opposite, on a one-piece dress of pale French-blue wool with the suit-look of a shaped peplum, a little rim of a collar curved away from the throat; passementerie buttons. Charming ideas to wear under these limber little wools: the chemises, on pages 174-175. Dress by Adele Simpson; about $125 at Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by David Webb Hat by Miss Alice. Both pages: Kislav gloves, at Best & Co.

PALE WOOLS
FOR DAY—
OVERBLOUSED,
SIDE-BUTTONED



Streak of tweed in a mix of mulberry and orange—one of the narrow nimble dress-looks that lead into autumn now, at left. The collar, shaped like a firm little ring-mould. Dress by Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of mohair-and-wool tweed (Chantal Fabric). Marvella earrings. Both, at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also Wanamaker's, Phila.; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Marcel Wagner gloves; at Bergdorf Goodman. Hat: Adolfo. Suit that swings from the waist, opposite, and buttons in halves—the short dolman jacket can turn around and button in back, to line up with the back-buttoned skirt, short and wide at the hem. Both, wool tweed, with a blouse of silk satin; all strawberry pink. By Cooper-Couture; Anglo fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Lanolav gloves. Marvella earrings. Hat: Adolfo.

BERT STERN

THE STREAK DRESS
OF TWEED...
SHORT YOUNG SUIT
WITH A
BUTTON SWITCH



The gleam is green in the short brocade dress at the left, with globes of rhinestones buttoning a soft little jacket that rests on the very tips of the shoulders, framing a lavallière on a chain of sparkle. By Harold Levine, of cotton, silk, and rayon (Couleur fabric) ; about $125. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Halle Bros. Necklace by Apex Art. High white pillbox by Miss Alice. Theatre suit of gilded brocade, opposite. A bare little dress and a jacket as offhand as a cardigan, shimmering with a pattern of gilt-edged multi-coloured feathers. Young America by Oleg Cassini; of silk, rayon, and cotton (Kaplan fabric) ; about $125. At Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Wm. H. Block; Joseph Magnin. Miriam Haskell earrings: Altman's. Coiffures by Kenneth.

NIGHT LOOKS NOW: DISCREET LITTLE SHAPES... ALL GLEAM, WITH A SHOW OF SKIN



4 ELIGIBLE BACHELORS



Sir William Pigott-Brown: His definition of love, "I like you and you cook well."

NORMAN PARKINSON

VOGUE, September 15, 1964

IN LONDON

BY EDNA O'BRIEN

DAVID BAILEY



EDITOR'S NOTE: Edna O'Brien, the young Irish novelist who wrote about these four young actual bachelors, defined her wholly personal view of a bachelor as "any attractive man, married or not, who remains single in spirit so that he is free to marry all the other nice girls." A pretty, wide-eyed, totally spontaneous woman, married with two children, she has managed in only a few years to attain notice in London with her two novels, *The Country Girls* and *The Lonely Girl.* She turned the latter into a screenplay for the new movie, *Girl With Green Eyes,* which has as its flammable star Rita Tushingham, and has a third novel to be published this autumn in England. In a letter to Vogue, Miss O'Brien explained: "I am not surprised that all of these men are bachelors. Getting an appointment with them is like trying to catch a moonbeam. They treated me smashing once I got past the barricade of butlers, other women, and their constant comings and goings. They would have been easier to find in Tangier or Rio."

SIR WILLIAM PIGOTT-BROWN, "Billy Pig," is extremely friendly in the evenings and rather chilly in the mornings. I met him on both occasions: in the evening he was having a drink in his London flat as he prepared to go out to some party on a launch. A friend of his who is a jockey as is Billy said, "You know what Bill likes to find at a party: a cannibal woman sitting around a fire eating bones," and Billy said that wasn't strictly true but mainly he liked willing girls and Irish girls with soft voices and red hair and girls who were good cooks. "I'll give you a definition of love," he said, giving me another drink: "I like you and you cook well." He had pinkish cheeks, fair hair, and a smile that was just right for a young man of twenty-three. It was both innocent and world-wise. It seems he was engaged last year and bought a thousand-acre estate in Buckinghamshire and an enormous house, working on the assumption that if you have a big enough house marriage ought to run smoothly. He has no regrets that the wedding did not take place. ("Anyhow I don't want children, I want to be the child.")

He adores the sun and has a beautiful painting by Michael Tain with a sun blazing over St. Tropez. I followed him upstairs while he got on the rest of his gear—the black satin-collared jacket that matched the pleated shirt and skin-tight black trousers with the satin band.

Bedroom in chaos. Another Michael Tain over the bed, the two telephones ringing, loose notes of money on the dressing table, laundry all over the floor. Next morning he was brusque and busy. He'd put on two pounds of weight and was angry with himself and would have to lose it before riding that week. No, he didn't like riding that much and he got more afraid each time and it was quite true he had a chip on his shoulder because in the Army he was considered too young and immature to command men, which is why he likes commanding women. If they don't fall in with his plans, he sulks. He gave a quick review of his day—rises at eight, reads the paper, has breakfast, sees to his farm business, speaks to his manager, does his paper work, lunches, gallops for a couple of hours, watches T.V. in the evening, alone. It was hard to decide which of the two "Billy Pigs" was nearer to being the real one.

JULIAN ORMSBY GORE is twenty-three and extremely shy. His hair is Beatle-ish, with extra long sidelocks. Julian lives in Chelsea knee-deep in chaos which he welcomes because he likes, as he says, "to get the kitchen sink into the sitting room." He may or may not have been a medical student and may or may not be a member of the St. Thomas's Hospital Rugby Club. He is dark, with brown eyes and a guarded expression. He moves in the same set all the time ("Oh, students, sportsmen, and pretty girls"), likes dancing, likes jazz, never reads, and may or may not have had a few car crashes which may—or may not—account for his slightly stunned mien. His ambition is to become a film producer. As for women, he treats them with reserve but thinks they're necessary for the numerous parties that go on at his place.



Julian Ormsby Gore: An elusive type, he "lives knee-deep in chaos."

The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava: Partner in a London art gallery, "he loves Botticelli-faced women."



THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, Sheridan "Duffy," is one of the nicest men in London. Soft spoken, with soft brown hair that falls in a specially careless way over one brow he says, "Gosh it *is* nice to see you," and you believe him. He is twenty-six has a stately home in Ireland and a flat in London filled with extraordinary modern paintings. Unlike most affluent young men, Sheridan "Duffy" decided to take a risk and open an art gallery in London. The decision to do this was partly because he could afford it, partly because his partner, Kasmin, urged him on, and mainly because he saw a Georges Mathieu picture and felt he wanted to look at more beautiful paintings. In the last year he has shown David Hockney, Bernard Cohen, Richard Smith, Kenneth Noland, Albert Stadler and other moderns. When we met he had just come back from Venice where he bought some of Pol Bury's electrified pictures. Apart from helping to run the gallery, he shops every day ("I adore to buy presents"), lunches at his club where the food is superb. In the afternoons he plays tennis and at night goes to London Airport to play snooker and then back to dance in Annabel's nightclub where everyone goes at the moment. He doesn't drink or smoke.

He describes himself as extremely selfish, extremely unemotional, and filled with *laissez-faire*. He had a perfect childhood in Ireland and puts his emotional lassitude down to being too happy. His idea of bliss is to drive into the country, go for walks, play tennis in the morning, bridge in the evening, have a lot of beautiful girls floating around and be absolutely certain that no one of them is going to "nab" him. [The statute of limitations on his bachelorhood is about up: next month he will marry Belinda Guinness, the daughter of Lady Isabel Throckmorton and Mr. Loel Guinness.] His other ambition is to open a restaurant in London where there will be all sorts of "swinging" drinks and "swinging" sandwiches and where the best people will almost certainly converge. LORD HERBERT has two images. He has the irreproachable good looks of the man who originally advertised the Marlboro cigarette and he has the legs of the ideal cowboy. Add to that, straight fairish hair, beautiful cheekbones and steel-blue eyes. ("They're hardly as good as Peter O'Toole's.") Add to that a family estate in the most beautiful part of England, in lush Wiltshire and you have, I suppose, the Perfect English gentleman. Paradoxically he likes his tailoring to be a little old-fashioned and his trousers cut the opposite of sharp. He favours horses and talks extremely well. On the subject of women he is understandably cautious. ("I put them off all the time.") One thing: he finds that his interest in them subsides once he's caught them ("I'm strictly a hunter and get bored once the chase is over"), and he can not remember ever being in love for longer than a couple of weeks, if that. He will probably get married at twenty-eight ("plenty of time to go"), he hopes to have one son and two other children. He would love to be an actor ("Yes I am vain") but thinks he will go into the production end of film business. Last year he toured North and South America to widen his horizons and to educate himself in the art of surviving alone. ("Yes, on the whole, people are hideous.") The memory he souvenirs is of watching the sun go down at Santa Barbara and he was alone. I can only reflect on the waste.

BACHELORS IN LONDON



Lord Herbert: He is "irritated by falseness in women, detests career women."

NORMAN PARKINSON

VOGUE, September 15, 1964

Mrs. Payson's

Once upon a trying time a baseball team named the Washington Senators was called first in war, first in peace, and last in the American League. The New York Mets, on the other hand, are last in the National League.

As you've probably heard by now, however, the Mets are a very special baseball team. They are never, for example, just barely last. They are always gloriously, triumphantly, indelibly last. In their very first year in baseball, two years ago, they broke the record for being last and lost 120 games. The next year they got a little better—they lost 111 games. And this year—well, they're certainly going to challenge that figure.

All this would be only mildly interesting except for one amazing phenomenon. The Mets have fans—in fact, they have an almost unbelievable number of fans. Almost everybody, it seems, loves the Mets—many more, indeed, as evidenced by attendance figures, than love the ever-winning New York Yankees.

Why is this so? Well, for one reason, it seems, we are heartily sick and tired of success. We have worshipped success for so long that it has become a bore. We've had so much of it, in fact, that for a long time—longer than many of us had any idea of—we've had a deep, unsatisfied thirst for failure.

And now, out of nowhere—and we mean nowhere—our thirst has been quenched, our longing has been satisfied. England has its Queen, France has its De Gaulle, Germany has its recovery, and Japan has its Olympics. But we have something more than any of them. We have the Mets.

We also have, in the person of the owner of the Mets, one of the most remarkable ladies who ever graced the ownership of any team.

Her name is Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson. The daughter of the late Payne Whitney and Helen Hay, who was in turn the daughter of Abraham Lincoln's secretary, Mrs. Payson is also the sister of John Hay Whitney, former Ambassador to Great Britain and owner of the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Mrs. Payson's own interests, apart from baseball, range from art to charity to horses. In the art field she is not only a large private collector but is also a trustee of both the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In the charity field she is a Governor of the New York Hospital, trustee of half a dozen other hospitals, President of the Helen Hay Whitney Foundation and, besides, one of the largest money raisers for the United Hospital Fund. In the horse world she is the co-owner, with her brother Jock, of Greentree—one of the country's leading stables—and owner, among others, of the peerless race horse "Tom Fool."

Mrs. Payson describes "Tom Fool" as "a people-lover"—and the description holds for Mrs. Payson herself. Born in New York City, a graduate of Miss Chapin's, she attended Barnard and Brown's Business College—although she is not fond of mention of the latter because she feels it makes her sound far more businesslike than she deserves.

Mrs. Payson is married to a solid State of Mainer whose chief aberration, she feels, is an inordinate affection for the Boston Red Sox. They have four living children—three daughters: Sandra (formerly Mrs. William B. Meyer), Payne (Mrs. Henry B. Middleton), and Lorinda (Mrs. Vincent de Roulet)—and a son, John Whitney Payson. There are also nine grandchildren, and that the entire family is known for individuality is indicated by the fact that Payne, Mrs. Payson's daughter, was named for Mrs. Payson's father, that Whitney, Lorinda's child, is a girl, and that another Lorinda, daughter of Payne, spells her name *Lau*rinda.

There was one other boy, Daniel Carroll Payson. Sensitive about special privilege of any sort, he went into the Army as a private in an infantry line company and, at the age of nineteen, in January 1945, was killed in action in the Battle of the Bulge. "He did things," his mother said quietly, "that way." She received the telegram announcing his death on her own birthday.

People around Mrs. Payson love to talk about her—but not for publication. One person, for example, was only persuaded to part with her opinion on guarantee of total anonymity. "Well," she began reluctantly, "Mrs. Payson is childlike. She's lovable the way a child is lovable. And she's also difficult the way a child is difficult. But it's not that she's hard to please. She's easy to please and she has a wonderful sense of humour and fun. It's just that she changes her mind so much. But don't put any of that in your article. Mrs. Payson will track it down, and you'll just get me in Dutch. You shouldn't put it down, anyway. She's such a thoroughly *good* person. With all of her wealth and everything she could be so different—like so many of the others. But she's not. She's not at all. She's kind and generous and a wonderful mother and all the rest of those nice, dull-sounding things that make the world go round. But don't put *that* in either. She doesn't even like good things about herself. She doesn't like *anything* about herself."

All in all, by the time I got to Mrs. Payson herself, I was, if nothing else, thoroughly briefed on what I knew would be her conscientious objections to the whole idea of being interviewed. And when I told her I proposed to interview her for Vogue at the ball game, I knew there would be trouble. There was. "I couldn't," she said flatly. "I haven't a thing to wear."

I told her that it didn't matter what she wore—all that mattered

Ball Park

BY CLEVELAND AMORY

BRUCE DAVIDSON

was that the team didn't win. I told her I proposed to do an article on her as the owner of a team that symbolized the appeal of failure. "Well," she smiled, "the odds are on your side." And then she told me the story of how, in the Mets' first season, shortly after their opening game, she and her daughter and son-in-law left for the Greek Islands. She had, however, left instructions with her office to cable her the score each day. Day after day the cables would come, with, since the Mets were on their first record-losing streak, the same sad results. The score was even spelled out so there could be no mistake. Finally, Mrs. Payson could stand it no longer. "PLEASE TELL US ONLY," she cabled, "WHEN THE METS WIN." "That was," she recalls, "the last word I heard from America."

In the "Diamond Club" at Shea Stadium before the game, Mrs. Payson once more protested that she wouldn't be very good at being interviewed. "I can tell you anything that happened when I was four," she said, "but I can't remember anything that happened last year. What are you putting down?"

I told her I was putting that down—and also that she asked me what I was putting down.

"What would you do," she smiled again, "if I didn't say anything?" I told her I'd put that down, too. "Well," she considered doubtfully, "I'll tell you how I became interested in baseball. I was six. It was at Bunny Wood's Outing Class near Boston. I played first base. I wore a white dress and a sash, and both of them reached to my ankles."

Her mother took her to her first professional baseball game. Although primarily interested in horses—it was she who started the Greentree Stables—her mother was also a baseball fan, and more than once Mrs. Payson prevailed upon her to take her to a ball game instead of a party.

"Of course," Mrs. Payson recalled, "very soon it wasn't just *any* game. It had to be a *Giants* game. People have very wrong ideas about the National League. They just don't realize how National fans are *lifelong* fans. I remember somebody saying to me, 'I never thought of anybody like you being a National League fan. I thought of you as being a Yankee fan.' Imagine! Me! The Yankees!"

Not only was Mrs. Payson a Giant fan but she soon owned some shares in them. But then came what she calls that "awful" summer when the owners of the Giants and Dodgers decided to leave New York and take their teams to California—to San Francisco and Los Angeles respectively.

"After the Mayor's meeting," she declared, "Walter O'Malley and Horace Stoneham came to see me, and I pleaded with them with tears in my eyes. But it didn't do any good. They had already made up their minds."

From that moment on, Mrs. Payson worked night and day on the idea of bringing another team to New York. The ill-fated idea of a Continental League, a third major league in addition to the American and the National, finally fizzled out, but from it came the idea of a New York team for an expanded National League. This idea Mrs. Payson embraced wholeheartedly. Although she still loves her Giants in general, and Willie Mays in particular—she offered the incredible sum of $650,000 to buy him for the new team—her heart soon belonged, for good, to the Mets, or, as she first wanted to call them, the Meadowlarks.

Furthermore, although she was in the (Continued on page 183)

MRS. CHARLES SHIPMAN PAYSON AND MET OUTFIELDER GEORGE ALTMAN AT SHEA STADIUM




Lee

DE KOONING

A GREAT ABSTRACTIONIST IN ACTION, A MAN WHOSE "DRAMATIC CHANGES OF MANNER HAVE BEEN DELIBERATE NOSE-THUMBINGS AT THE KNOWING"

Like Western civilization, like humanity itself, Willem de Kooning is constantly declared by critics to be in a state of decline, if not finished for good. Behind the current De Kooning there is always a better one who has faded into the past. In the 1940's the accepted verdict was that though he had shown great promise before the war, and was an important "artists' artist" he was too perfectionist (or neurotic) ever to produce a significant body of work. When within a few years, De Kooning's wavering effort had made him the dominant influence in the new American abstract art, he had, alas, already "betrayed" abstraction by devoting the next half a decade to his *Women* series. At first all but unsaleable, the *Women* were at length established only to call attention to the fact that De Kooning had petered out by returning to abstraction in a mode different from that of his "classical" period. The new enormously simplified "rural landscapes" emerging after 1957 were considered disappointingly empty by admirers of both the *Women* and of earlier crowded abstractions based on the city. More recently, women have been manifesting themselves in the landscapes, but instead of the imposing idols of ten years ago they are, alas again, light little girlies with rouged lips. In any case, they arrived too late to count. De Kooning, we are told once more, belongs to the past: last autumn, a new York critic-curator, riding what he hoped was the latest bandwagon, announced that the Abstract Expressionism of De Kooning had "lasted until 1959 or 1960." Buried as usual, De Kooning is today busy contriving new evidences of how bad he is compared with yesterday.

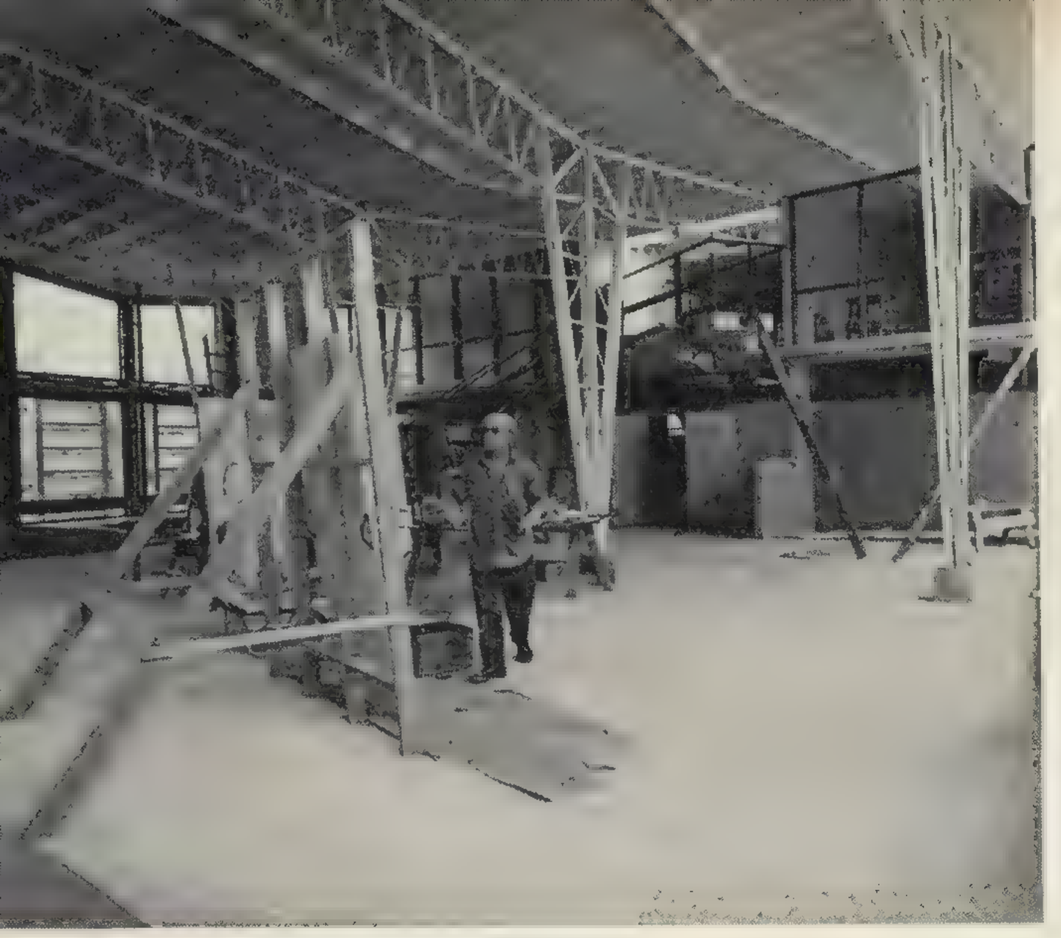
A maker of art objects is represented by his product, which can be placed with more or less stability in the art of his time. With De Kooning, in contrast, art is a performance which, like an event in history, is enlarged in retrospect. Nor has the attitude of the public toward his work been a matter of indifference to De Kooning; many of his dramatic changes of manner have been deliberate nose-thumbings at the knowing. In staging himself before his contemporaries he has exploited the showman's resource of surprise. Going along with or challenging prevailing values in art, he has, however, avoided the easier devices of attention-getting; for example, that of repeating the same image or employing spectacular materials or techniques. He has not, like most of his contemporaries, sought to create a personal emblem by which his canvases could be spotted at a glance. Nor has he consented to type himself, as his friend Gorky did in assuming the traditional guise and attitudes of the International Bohemian.

De Kooning has preferred to court the undefined, to keep his art and his identity in flux—perhaps the eagerness to dispose of him would be lessened were he more ready to confine himself to a category. Rejecting any external definition of himself or preconception as to the direction of his work, he has made his sole concern the maintenance of keeping in touch with himself as he is—an enterprise which, in this epoch so dis- (Continued on next page)

WILLEM DE KOONING, *opposite*, that consistent maverick among the abstractionists, is a bluntly handsome, grey-haired, fifty-nine-year-old painter who is not only one of the greatest of the Abstract Expressionists, but has also been counted out innumerable times. (He is shown here in his enormous new studio at The Springs, Long Island, which he designed to fit his own dreaming desires.) At twenty-one, De Kooning came to this country from Holland where he had had some training at the Academy of Rotterdam with spells of work for a company of interior designers. In Hoboken he varied his painting by using his brushes on houses. Later he painted murals for speakeasies and in 1939 worked for The World's Fair. Although his abstract paintings had appeared first in 1936, it was not until the middle of the 1940's that he became a known painter, an emerging figure of importance. By now wherever American art has a foot, the foot is usually De Kooning's. This photograph will be included in the book, *The American Masters*, by Brian O'Doherty and Hans Namuth. The article here is from the new Harold Rosenberg book, *The Anxious Object*, to be published in October. A moody man, De Kooning, long an American citizen, has a complete set of idiosyncrasies—among them, a reluctance to answer the telephone and a feeling of pleasure, said a friend, "in paying his income tax."

HANS NAMUTH

BY HAROLD ROSENBERG



DE KOONING
IN HIS NEW STUDIO

turbed by fear of anonymity, has demanded the deepest insight as well as genuine moral independence.

Painting for De Kooning is not only a performance before an audience; it is a real action, comparable to crossing an ocean or fighting a battle. It is executed in silence, allowing a minimum of exchange with other minds; at times it even divides the artist's own mind, making what he is doing incomprehensible to him. Like prayer, his action of the spirit and intellect evokes extreme states; a succession of psychic tensions passes over into the self, affecting the artist's personality and behaviour. He is in a condition of constant heightening, depletion, transformation.

The logic of De Kooning's work lies not in its rational consistency but in the artist's unending struggle with painting and its possibilities. Each confrontation of the drawing board or canvas is a singular situation calling for a new act—and the act and the artist are one. The web of energies he has woven between his painting and his living precludes the formation of any terminal idea. No one could be more remote either from the "pure" artist, who paints what he conceives to be the essence of painting, or from the correct artist, who produces what is demanded by the history of art or by society. Throughout his career De Kooning has resisted every species of ideology—aesthetic. social, and philosophical. Picking up Kierkegaard's book, *Purity of Heart Is To Will One Thing*, his response to the title was, "The idea makes me sick." His own unexpressed standard is the standard of the mountain climber or the boxer, that is, a trained sense of immediate rightness. In the situation that keeps arising on the canvas, the artist-actor must be governed not by rule, nor even by aesthetic principle, but by tact. What satisfies this sense in one set of circumstances will fail to do so in another—few of De Kooning's paintings have escaped disappointing him (him, too!) when he looked at them later.

Except in the artifices of the theatre or the historian, an act has no beginning and no end. Contemporary painters are much concerned about how to start a work and how to recognize when it is completed. De Kooning breaks in anywhere, and gets out when he has to. He may commence a painting with a stroke of colour, by writing the letter "o" on the canvas, by sketching a nude. Most of the compositions for which he is famous are powerful middles, without beginnings or ends. A concept can be pushed to a logical conclusion; an act can only be abandoned. To be forced to abandon a painting used to plunge De Kooning into despair—often he would destroy this trace of his inability to reach a resolution. The build-up of energy would send him rushing agitatedly through the streets. In recent years he makes his exit from a painting more calmly: "I just stop," he explained in an interview.

In De Kooning's *oeuvre* there are long paintings and short paintings, in terms not of size but of the time they took to paint. His key works have tended to be the long ones: *Excavation*, finished in the spring of 1950; *Woman I*, begun almost immediately thereafter, on which De Kooning worked almost two years. These protracted acts, like the scores of hurried ones executed on small cardboards in 1957, took place at critical stages of De Kooning's development and produced dramatic alterations both in the artist and in American art. It is remarkable that in De Kooning tenacity is matched by a mastery of the rapidly executed, almost instantaneous, gesture; in many of the landscape-figure-abstractions of the last few years he has achieved through speed a lightning clarity and briskness unattainable in his more pressured compositions. One of De Kooning's outstanding qualities (compared, for instance, to Pollock or Kline) is the variety of tempo he has been able to introduce into his action without destroying its continuity. The least bit of a De Kooning partakes of his complex sensibility—in his case the high value placed on a sketch or even a scribble is justified by intrinsic qualities.

In action the mind seizes upon whatever lies ready at hand both within itself and in the visible world. As against what might be called the slimming tendency in contemporary art, the effort to produce masterpieces by the minimum means (a square on a square, one-colour paintings), a De Kooning canvas is as unrestricted as Union Square. His compositions devour everyday sights, odd thoughts, moods, theories old and new, paintings and sculptures of the past. He has the hungry multifariousness of the Renaissance Humanists, the "vul- (Continued on page 186)

"CLAMDIGGERS,"
OIL ON PAPER,
ONE OF THE LATEST
DE KOONING PAINTINGS





September 15 focus on the beauty news—height-of-the-season changes

BEAUTY BULLETIN

THE ORNAMENTAL EYE AND WHAT TO MAKE OF IT...THE SMALL HEAD VERSUS THE LARGE AND HOW TO DECIDE... THE LATEST IN BEAUTY EQUIPMENT, WHAT'S FOR WHOM



Cake mascara on a big new scale
Large as life: the brush at right. It belongs to a cake of mascara to which big things have happened: a case as big as your hand, with mirror space to match. More about it, page 88.

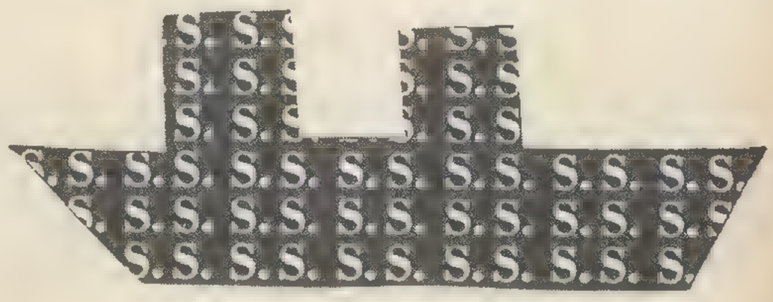
The squared eye—one new version
Watch this outline. It's the new one.
It's the round eye squared off
for more window space,
more openness. Of the several ways
squaring off will happen to eyes,
this is one of the most ornamental—based as it is on a whitened eyelid, and influenced by its designer's recent trip to Japan.
Drawn by Gil of the Max Factor salon in Rome, this squared eye began with a blocking out of the eyelid's own shape (this, the work of Pan-Stik). Then a liquid liner to redraw an outline; then a fringe of fake lashes above and below.
Eyebrow "bleached" with make-up, rewritten lightly with Max Factor's Brush & Brow.
Hair arranged by Kenneth.

DAVID BAILEY

When is an eye ornamental? When it's jewelled with make-up. When a make-up specialist sees a striped enamel bracelet blazing away in the night and thinks: hmmmm (or however you say hmmmm in Italian), great look to transfer to eyes. When does an eye change shape? When a square-cut canary diamond of x carats seems bigger than a round diamond of the same carat count, and a make-up specialist broods away on why that should be. . . . Ideas for the new eyes come from the minds of the great face designers now. That is, from the few make-up artists whose taste and skill, suddenly discovered in a big way in the past year or so, have put them on the special plane of fashion until now occupied only by a few great hairdressers. (The latter haven't moved off the plane, but they've made some room aboard.) For the face designer, the eye is the métier. And even though he may use little actual colour to make up the eye—may in fact restrict himself to black, white, and tones of beige and gold most of the time—he handles these colours with the passion of a jeweller. He ornaments. As a result, eyes have new patterns—see the zebra eye on the cover. Eyes have a new shape—see the squared eye taking over. (About the squared eye, there's a special reason to predict it has a future in the face. Two clued-in face designers came to Vogue within two weeks of one another recently, each bringing sketches for what turned out to be the same idea—the round eye squared off above in what's technically a trapezoid shape.). . . What does the ornamental eye mean to the woman who can't bring to the handling of brushes, bases, and eyelid paints the precision of a jeweller? It could mean that just as she goes to a hairdresser for a line she can't give herself, she'll add a make-up expert to the list of people-she-goes-to. It could mean that for a special evening she'll have a special make-up done—and this might be a version of the zebra. It almost surely will mean eventually that she'll become deft at handling superfine brushes for the eyes. (They said she'd never learn to use a brush for blusher, never get *that* stuff straight, and see how she caught on in droves.) Meanwhile, she'll borrow some methods from the experts. Because she's using more eye-make-up, she'll be meticulous about cleansing the skin around her eyes; cleansing the eyelids, the lashes, the eye itself. And, even if she may have felt at one time that an eye cream was really carrying specialization too far, she'll remake her view on that. . . . So much for eyes.

What about the small-head-versus-large situation? It's nervous, all right. Even Russell Baker asked, in the early hours of August, in his column in the *New York Times:* "Is it too melodramatic to say that hair is at the crossroads?" Although he went on from there, and killingly—he explored the various implications of the Paris shaved-head reports; reflected that it is hard (Continued next page)

Scent on its way
From France, but launched simultaneously in France and the U.S., the delicious new Corday fragrance, Possession. See page 88.



BEAUTY BULLETIN

MORE ABOUT THE INCOMING BEAUTY IDEAS: SKIN CARE, SCENTS, MAKE-UP FOR AUTUMN



Italian tilt
Short hair cut with a slanted wedge-shaped part—wig-act performed for the Italian Collections by Vergottini of Milan. Earrings by Nucci for Micia.

(Continued from preceding page) to remember a time when the Western World was more emotionally involved with its hair—We'll stop right there. The small skull, or swimmer's haircut, was designed for helmets. And helmets could take, this time around. But the small-skull look has its limits. Exquisitely cut, exquisitely kept—and this means a haircut every six or seven days, or roughly twice the speed of man and his barber—the skull haircut is fine and fashionable. It does not make for youth, however; and it does need a distinguished small-boned face. Hairdressers love it; many have been working toward it for many months. But curiously enough, at the very moment it made its appearance in Paris, at the moment it was being heralded snob, snobissimo, the beauty drawing every eye in the city ("Nobody looks at anyone else in Paris this season . . .") was a young American with the greatest quantity of hair this side of the jungle. Her long, tawny-blond hair, built to still greater proportions by a batch of hairpieces, was a part of the spectacular design she made in her narrow beige clothes . . . her hair *with its look of great quality*. Quality continues to be the most important single fashion in hair; it is the ultimate of hair nobility. And quality, don't forget, becomes more attainable every day (in about a month's time, you'll hear the news of a blond-hair toner that works with utmost kindness, without peroxide). The instant hair-conditioners are, to our minds, one of the beauty advances of the decade—a dozen good brands exist for the using today. . . . Meanwhile, back at the coiffeur's, the choice is this: a swimmer's cut . . . or a short cut with an asymmetrical part, or a short cut with an *étrange* detail, such as the one-sided cut shown in the last issue of Vogue, or a big head of gorgeous hair. . . . The fashion to follow depends on face, upkeep, quality of hair, overall design—and the fashion (now that Paris has been seen, and the English and Italian haircuts have caught an audience) is simply a little more varied than before. . . . So much for hair this moment. What new beauty equipment has arrived, and for whom? This is the time of year when two things happen in beauty: fashion moves its focus a little or a lot, inventing new beauty needs as it moves; and the beauty makers in a can't-wait fever of excitement begin to ship the inventions they've guarded half the summer. Ideally, what's in focus coincides with what's been guarded in the laboratories. It's a nice coincidence this season. . . . For instance: glow is the big word in make-up in general; mild iridescence for day. That checks with the focus in fashion right now: skin fresh and glowing. . . . The chemistry of arms, legs, throat, knees is a point of focus in fashion right now. That checks with the news in "custodial" preparations; with skin-care explored and extended as never before. . . .

Never-before news for the throat
This is what it is: a stick—like a man's shaving stick—of solid throat cream concentrate. Massage action and lubrication: both provided with unprecedented neatness. By Charles of the Ritz.



Press for lift
The flawless L'Air du Temps by Nina Ricci—now atomized (a fine French mist), Lalique-bottled (pretty heady stuff for an eau). As all-around good news as we've sniffed in years.



Demi-glimmer for day—new make-up switch
This turns on the light in a flick: a complete make-up plan in which all the ingredients have been given an inner glow—a modest but effective amount of gilt or pearl, along with colour. The whole plan is Helena Rubinstein's—and it began where she left off last season, with a glimmered eye shadow called Golden Smoke. A good taupe on a gilt base, this eye shadow helped break the day barrier for iridescence; was among the first gold eye shadows to seem better than all right for day. A lightly-shimmered make-up base was then added; so was a shimmered face powder; so was a lipstick called Holiday Gold—in which honey, pink, and gold are blended together for a glowing mouth. The whole look, it was decided, might be called "Holiday." And so it is, at Bonwit Teller and all over the U.S.A. this minute. Leather wind sock by Adolfo. Tiffany earrings.

DAVID BAILEY





THE SLEEP-PAREU; THE CRÊPE COLUMN



The sleep-pareu, left—like the bright sarongs of Tahiti, in marigold tricot banded with mauve and apple green. Square as a giant scarf, and possessed of this glorious simplicity: you simply wrap it around you, tie it once at the neck, et voilà—a nightdress, opaque and flowing. By Vanity Fair, of nylon tricot; about $13. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

Column of white crêpe, right, cut with a beautiful purity and ease—diagonal draping across a deep centre pleat, a round neckline rimmed in watercolour blue. Designed for Iris by Sylvia Pedlar—who, on September 24, will receive her second Special Coty Award. Nightdress, in crêpe of silk, nylon and Dacron; about $20. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

BERT STERN



THE NARROW LITTLE COAT– IN MINK

Mink coats, pared down to nothing but pure narrowness —with the enchanting, small-boned look of skimp coats. Everything about them is lean, supple. The collars. The sleeves. The trim little shoulders. Superb shaping all through their bodies that makes them as free and easy to move in as motorcycle jackets. The whole marvellous, contemporary idea: Mink be nimble, be narrow. Dark little mink, left, with all the smoky depths of flattery in its colour, and the narrowest niftiest lines. A notched collar plumps to a charming round stance; high set-in sleeves; three buttons. Of Blue Iris, a shade of "Lutetia," Emba natural gunmetal mink. By Ritter Bros.; also at Woolf Brothers; Goldwaters; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Emily Wetherby scarf. Fuchs gloves at Lord & Taylor. Zentall ring.

Beautiful Bryans stockings. Emme hat. Lipstick: Misty Gold, worn under Lip Lustre that adds glow, softness. Both by Frances Denney.

Narrow white mink, right, a spectacular fur-thought now for day as well as evening— the coat, spare-shaped with a little turn-up collar, pocket flaps at the hips, a long line of buttons. With it here, a great round snowball of a hat, also white mink. Coat by Fredrica, of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mink. Also at Hudson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. David Webb ring.

PENN



THE RETURN OF MONKEY FUR... THE SEALSKIN DRESS

The deep smouldering lustre of black fur lights the skin like nothing else; its charm is extravagant—which is easily one of the best things charm can be. *Left:* Black monkey fur—a floor-length fall of shimmery, slightly peak-y fur, bound in satin. Marvellous over a bare lean streak of a dress, worn with a coiffure that's an amusing torrent of curls. By Fredrica, in black-dyed monkey fur from the Gold Coast of Africa. At Halle Bros.; Harold's; Cele Peterson, Tucson. *Right:* Black sealskin dress with a low swag of belt buckled by a huge oblong of glitter—a wonderfully languorous look that's a love in a cold climate. (Throw open those baronial halls.) Designed by Emeric Partos in Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal. Made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffures on these two pages by Kenneth.

BERT STERN



JOAN LITTLEWOOD

It is impossible to be certain of anything about Joan Littlewood. Not that there is any shortage of information. Every British newspaper morgue has a fat envelope of cuttings about her. And any determined journalist can track her down in person eventually and fill a notebook with her observations. Admittedly, finding Miss Littlewood in London is sometimes a Kafka-esque process involving a good deal of telephoning to numbers which are discontinued, or which are answered by people who claim to be just going to bed at noon, or which mysteriously disconnect themselves in the middle of your opening sentence. At two of these numbers, to my knowledge, there are girls who claim to be "Miss Littlewood's Secretary" and are liable to pass you cheerfully back and forth. Occasionally Miss Littlewood goes into purdah and all messages from the recluse have to be obtained through spokesmen.

One of these is Gerry Raffles, a shy, tough, rubicund young man whose devotion to Joan is absolute and who manages her Theatre Royal in the East End. (At least, I suppose it *is* her theatre. She is always giving it up forever, then returning to it suddenly, claiming that it is her life's work and then denying that she is anything but a transient visitor.) Mr. Raffles gives out sensible, earnest, intelligent statements. He is always trying to put things in perspective and clear up misunderstandings. He is rarely successful for long in this. Because Miss Littlewood (whose devotion to Gerry is also absolute) is likely to return from Nigeria or Broadway or Sinai, or wherever she has been to recharge her batteries, and deny everything.

The other mouthpiece is Tom Driberg, the fifty-nine-year-old Labour Member of Parliament for Maldon. Mr. Driberg is a more complex character—a High-Church radical, a left-wing gourmet, a former gossip-columnist for Lord Beaverbrook turned political pundit. Whenever he takes over, it means there is big news to be announced. Since he is a working newspaperman on the Labourite *Sunday Citizen,* this also means that the rest of the press have to wait until he has scooped them in his own paper.

Still, in the end, it is possible to meet Miss Littlewood face to face. This is usually either somewhere around Mr. Raffles's theatre in Angel Lane, Stratford, or somewhere around Greek Street, Soho—either in the East End, among the open-air jellied-eel stalls and fruit and vegetable pushcarts, within smelling distance of the docks and factories, or in the West End among the strip joints with names like Freddie's Peeperama, the afternoon drinking dens and the cut-price whorehouses. The two places must be joined by some kind of private subway because it is almost unheard-of to find her anywhere in between. Both are working areas—the difference being that in Stratford the jobs are grubby, ill-paid, and legal and in Soho they are grubby, ill-paid, and illegal. As a good proportion of the plays Joan Littlewood stages at Stratford are set in Soho, it is often difficult for a generation which has grown up to see life through her eyes to tell which is which.

Well, there you are at the fountainhead, the source, the volcano mouth, the fizzing fuse of the force which has revolutionized the British theatre since the war. She is a short, brisk, pop-eyed forty-nine-year-old with the sort of little immature face a child might draw on an egg. When she grins (which she always does when she is about to tell you some particularly improbable whopper), the egg splits in half and exposes a double picket fence of dangerous teeth. The lines around her eyes look like a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles. Her hair is always disarranged, as though she had just taken off a bathing cap, and has usually been pushed back ineffectively under some hat that might have been in fashion when your mother was the belle of the ball. (She has three hats: a furry beret, a flower pot, and an Astrakhan Cossack shako.)

It does not sound very attractive put like that, perhaps. But there are too many victims of Miss Littlewood's con-woman charm wandering around in a daze (including me) for anyone to doubt its reality. The general effect is at once intimidating and endearing. She gives the impression of being a brilliant scholar who has been forced to take in washing to pay for her books—Mary McCarthy played by Thelma Ritter. She said once that success was always a shock to her: "You have to change your skin every time or you're finished, dead." And she can shed her outer layer of veneered bossiness like a boa constrictor when she needs.

She is at her most lovable when she slumps back and switches off. Then you can see the young girl—shy as well as obstinate, vulnerable as well as domineering—who gave up a painting scholarship to Rome at the age of sixteen to enter the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Who left RADA at eighteen because "outside were the hunger marchers and inside we being taught to act this tennis-club, French-windows stuff" and walked one hundred miles of the way to Manchester for a job with the British Broadcasting Company. Who toured with her troupe on the back of a truck, sleeping on floors and feeding on tinned soup, to play to audiences of as few as five in mining villages and factory towns. You can understand then that she has always been a propagandist, but that her dogmas, though revolutionary, were also personal: "The Communists thought we were too arty and the arty people thought we were Reds."

But Miss Littlewood is rarely switched off. She does not want the world to catch her unaware, without her engine running. So it is nearly impossible to be certain about her views, her plans, her motives, her worries, her philosophy. She keeps bobbing, and ducking, and parrying, and counter-punching. She talks the way Cassius Clay fights. Sometimes she talks the way Cassius Clay talks. For ninety percent of any conversation—there's no point in ducking the fact—she simply says the first thing that comes into her head.

It is not worth while trying to pin her down on even the most trivial detail. I have, for example, wanted to know for some years whether her full name is Joan *Maud* Littlewood. I happen to think

JOAN LITTLEWOOD, AT A REHEARSAL IN ENGLAND

DAVID SIM, COURTESY OF "THE OBSERVER"

"The fizzing fuse which revolutionized British theatre": this English producer-director who put a storm on stage. BY ALAN BRIEN

that names are important, that they affect people's lives far more than they know or admit to themselves. I can see the Joan in her—the Shavian Joan who overcomes odds because she can not count—but where's Maud? That is the name for an Edwardian countess. Secretly I think of Joan Littlewood as Mother Courage, sitting in the balcony with a whip, driving on the actors to pull her old theatre through a Thirty Years War against commercialism and phoniness.

I could ask her, of course. But her "Yes" could equally mean "No," and her "No" equally mean "Yes." On matters which don't interest her, she is prepared to give you the reply which will shut you up.

She is almost as difficult on matters which do interest her. Here she has too many voices—again like Saint Joan—within her to want to listen to yours. She tunes you in to her interior monologue. When she isn't debating with herself, she is filibustering against the universe. This is not just my experience. Bernard Levin, an old friend and fellow critic in London, tells of equally baffling attempts to pin her down.

Mr. Levin is widely regarded as the most ferocious and implacable interviewer in Britain. On "That Was The Week That Was" on television in England, he was presented as the Boy Monster. With spectacles like burning lenses and a quiff of hair like an angry question mark, he played the Grand Inquisitor to the wiliest and slipperiest victims available each issue. But he reported: "Joan Littlewood rarely finishes a sentence, and those few she does finish she provides with at least three alternative, and indeed radically different, endings."

This is why every article about her which is based on a personal encounter reveals a woman with a different approach to the theatre. You can find her quoted as saying, "No, I don't rehearse. No, honestly, we *don't* rehearse," before excusing herself—to attend a rehearsal. She is then next found claiming, "I never give a move when I'm rehearsing," followed by, "We have never ad-libbed. It's all studied casualness."

However fleeting her attitudes to other people and trends in the theatre, she phrases them at the time with such strength and conviction that the world continues to remember what she has long since forgotten. She is genuinely surprised to be reminded that she ever said, "Bertolt Brecht is a bloody Fascist," or, "I'd rather watch a strip show than see *Luther*." She thinks it was somebody else who announced only a couple of years ago, "England will never produce any writing because there are no myths here. It doesn't attract me any more."

Her off-the-cuff epigrams often reflect a permanent but partial truth about herself. Two of the most famous—"I'm not a theatre person, I'm a people person," and, "What I hate about the theatre is all that art"—do not represent any real animus against live performances. (On her one venture into directing for the movies, *Sparrows Can't Sing*, she was miserable, noting in her diary, "This is the worst hell I've ever been in.") These are protests against the dishonesty and insincerity and unnatural (Continued on page 190)



FROM BRITAIN: THE DASH OF BOLD BRIGHT TWEEDS IN NARROW COATS, SPANKING SUITS

There's a new rush of Bright Young People in Britain—the girl of the hour has a fresh, burnished enthusiasm; her vitality is felt on both sides of the ocean, and London is filled with these young women, their right-up-to-the-minute look, their passion for doing things, their absolute talent for fun. It's filled with the clothes they inspire—designed by people as young, as aware as they. The look is delicious—coats that are all narrowness and shaped like schoolgirl coats grown up . . . suits that are all dash, with high-buttoned Highlander jackets or low-belted Norfolks; top-of-the-knee skirts, lean or soaring out from crisp pleats. This is a look to live with here and now—with legs on the move, always in racy textured stockings; feet in trig, buckled walking shoes—photographed in its native lair, London.

This page: Bright black-and-white wool tweed shaped into a "snappy-schoolgirl" coat. Narrow over the rib cage, high pocket flaps just below the wide collar, an easy flared skirt, trim set-in sleeves. By Wallis Shops. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz. Charles Jourdan shoes.

Opposite page: Frothy wool tweed coat checked in shades of pink misted with grey and white. It's close to the body, with narrow set-in sleeves; worn over its own pink silk shirt and a skirt of the same dog's-tooth checked tweed. By Wallis Shops. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Gloves by Fownes. Coiffures by Vidal Sassoon.



NORMAN PARKINSON



London idea: the look of Norfolk tailoring.
Near right: The Norfolk suit, in green and mustard checked wool, its tabbed jacket belted low; front and back pleats at the hem of the skirt. From Mary Quant's Ginger Group. At Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. James Wedge hat. Mary Quant stockings.
Above: Buff-coloured wool suit with a shirt-front jacket, low belt part way around. By Roger Nelson. At Henri Bendel; Sakowitz. Herbert Johnson hat.
Below: Rust-checked wool suit with a short, double-breasted jacket tied at the waist, a skirt that's a skirl of pleats. By Lisa Spain. Sakowitz. Herbert Johnson hat.
Far right: Navy-blue wool checked with brilliant pink for a lean, trig suit; round collar laid well away from the neck, low Norfolk waistband. By Roger Nelson. Henri Bendel; Sakowitz. James Wedge hat. Russell & Bromley stockings. Wig by Vidal Sassoon. Bally of Switzerland shoes. Fownes gloves.

NORMAN PARKINSON



SPANKING
SUITS...
NORFOLK
OVERTONES



Two of the suit-loves of the Bright Young People—with small, high-buttoned jackets, neat as Highlanders', curving down to lean top-of-the-knee skirts. *This page:* Grey wool suit with a Highlander jacket opened beneath a high tabbed closing. Everything's rounded…the flat little collar, the jacket seams, the above-the-waist pocket flaps…and worn with a neat short skirt, white patterned stockings. Suit by Roger Nelson. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. *Opposite page:* Grey wool plaid suit, its cutaway jacket buttoned once beneath a notched collar. By Polly Peck. Late September at Best & Co.; Sakowitz. Gloves by Fownes; stockings by Woolsey. Shoes by Bally of Switzerland. Herbert Johnson hats. Vidal Sassoon coiffures.

SPANKING
SUITS...
HIGHLANDER
JACKETS



NORMAN PARKINSON

PALE DAY LOOKS—



VOGUE PATTERN 1402

HELMUT NEWTON

WITH RIB-CAGE SHAPING



Two great day looks in pale wool: rib-cage shaping, buttons on a slant — short and easy over bitter-brown textured stockings. *Left:* Designed by Forquet of Rome, a two-piece dress of buff worsted jersey—overblouse with a neat tailored collar, pocket flaps on the collarbone, wide chopped sleeves; close on the rib cage over a slim easy skirt. Vogue International Couturier Design 1402. Jasco fabric. Grandoe gloves. Earrings by Jeanne. *Right:* Pale-mushroom basket-weave wool in a pared-down coat-dress designed by Ronald Paterson of London—with a little off-the-neck collar that makes a stem of the throat, barely flared skirt, a row of buttons slanted over one hipbone. Vogue International Couturier Design 1391. Fabric by Anglo. Aris gloves. All accessories and fabrics: Lord & Taylor. Coiffures by Jacques of Joyce Christopher. *Other views, sizes and details on page 64.*

VOGUE PATTERNS

VOGUE PATTERN 1391



BERT STERN

AT DUSK: BARED BLACK WOOL



The subtlest shapes in thin black wool for late-day, to wear with point d'esprit stockings; a splash of glitter. *Left:* A willowed Empire shape in wool bouclé—V-throated, with a swing of pleats at each side. By John Moore. Rhinestone pendant necklace by Jeanne Lanvin for Jack Gilbert. Both: Lord & Taylor. Dress also Woolf Brothers; I. Magnin. *Right:* A pliant streak of wool crêpe, gently fitted in front; back décolletage carved to the Empire waist, then a fall of gathers. By Mollie Parnis (Anglo fabric). About $125. Richelieu pin. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. Beautiful Bryans stockings. On both pages: the coiffures by Kenneth; Reid Meredith hairpieces.



AT DUSK: THE LACY BLACK CAGE DRESS

In the short-evening life: dresses like slips of silk caught up in the excitement of black lace cages. *Left:* Ribbons of satin ruching worked on lace, fluttering over one shoulder and dropping to the knee from under a tiny satin bodice. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Whelan lace. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Pavé earrings by Arpad. Coiffures by Pierre of the House of Revlon. *Right:* A marvellous trapeze-y flow of lace completely covered with sequins in bias spirals, free-falling from the straight-across top. Underneath, a stroke of black silk crêpe with narrow straps. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Whelan lace. Arpad earrings. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Evins shoes. Both pages: Shalimar gloves.

BERT STERN



ON THE NEXT
EIGHT PAGES—
LINGERIE AND
SHAPINGS TO
MOULD THE NEW,
SUPPLE BODY
LINE UNDER
SHORT SKIRTS
AND WIDER HEMS,
MAILLOT DRESSES,
DEEP NECKLINES

Beginning next page, our idea of the prettiest and most effective means to the supple shape of this season's fashion—girdles to sleek the thigh line, lacy chemises, lithe maillots, and a brassière for every new décolletage.



FOR THE
NEW
FASHION
ACTION:
THE
LITHE
LITTLE
CHEMISE

DETAILS, PAGE 110

UNDERSTATING
FASHION
NOW—
COLOUR
ALL THE WAY,
GREAT
STOCKINGS

DETAILS, PAGE 188.



FOR THE
SHORT
SKIRTS:
THE
LONGER LEG
THE SLEEK
THIGH LINE

DETAILS, PAGE 123.

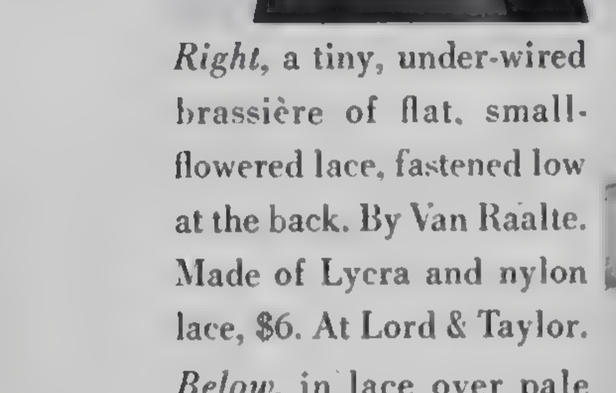


Right, a strapless, long line brassière, with the lowest possible fastening. By Lady Marlene. Of Lycra, $13. At Bloomingdale's.

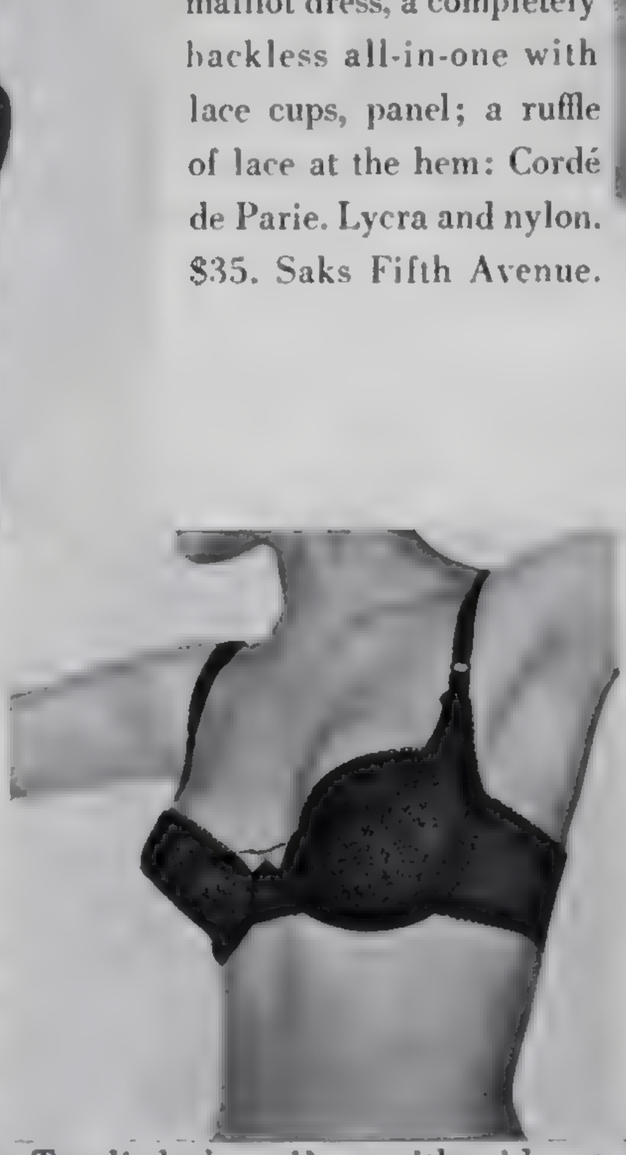


Right, a tiny, under-wired brassière of flat, small-flowered lace, fastened low at the back. By Van Raalte. Made of Lycra and nylon lace, $6. At Lord & Taylor.

Below, in lace over pale beige marquisette, with décolletage in back. By Bali. Of Lycra, and nylon lace. $10. Lord & Taylor.



Left, to underline a new maillot dress, a completely backless all-in-one with lace cups, panel; a ruffle of lace at the hem: Cordé de Parie. Lycra and nylon. $35. Saks Fifth Avenue.



Two little brassières with wide-set straps, closing low at the back; and underwiring for good, firm uplift. *Right,* a deep décolletage in point d'esprit with sides of sheer stretch Lycra. By Smoothie. Of Lycra and nylon. This, $7 at Franklin Simon. *Below,* for a neckline that's both wide and deep, a brassière entirely of lace, with stretch straps: Maidenform. Made of nylon lace, $5. At Best & Co.



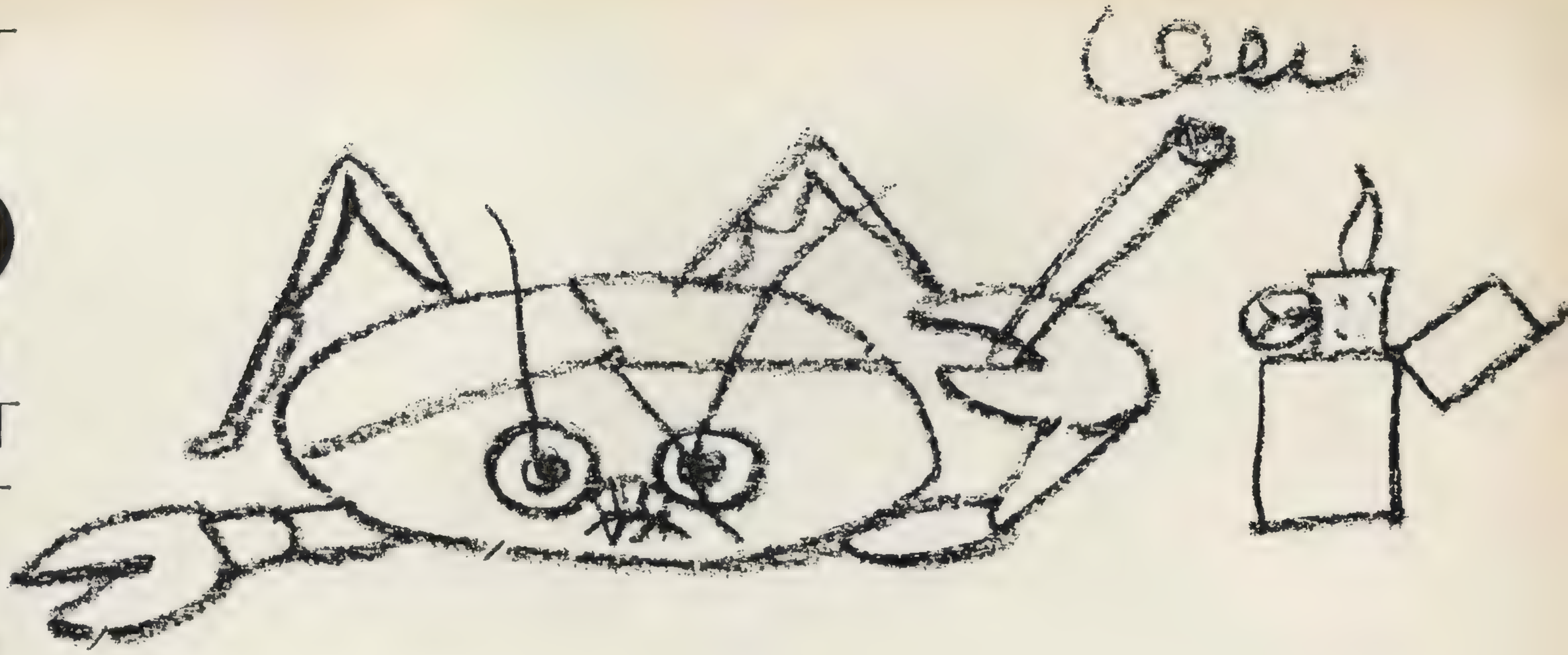
SHAPING FOR THE NEW DÉCOLLETAGES FRONT AND BACK

On these two pages, a charming variety of lithe and lacy black shapings to underscore the new plummeting and widened décolletages, the no-back-at-all backs, moulded maillot lines. *Opposite page, far left,* an all-in-one, stretch-lace-trimmed at hem. V'd back. Lace cups and panel; stretch straps. Of Lycra; nylon lace. By Olga. About $30. At Lord & Taylor; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. *This page, right,* a strapless all-in-one with good midriff-shaping. (Not shown: detachable straps.) Of spandex and nylon lace, by Pauline Trigère for the Formfit Designers Collection. About $35. At Lord & Taylor; Godchaux's; Sakowitz. *This page, below,* a lacy brassière with an arrangement of back-baring stretch straps. Of Lycra and nylon lace. By Hollywood Vassarette. About $7. At Lord & Taylor.





VOGUE'S OWN MENU



DINNER FOR FOUR

CRAB MEAT—BEURRE BLANC*
Warmed Soda Crackers

COLD FILLET OF BEEF—
HORSERADISH MOUSSE*
Sourdough Bread—heated and buttered
Baby Belgian Carrots
Green Salad

LEMON ICE

THE WINES:
A SANCERRE AND A POMMARD

Friends fall from the sky. A couple in from the Congo, from Hong Kong, or San Francisco. They ring from the airport at noon. "Do come for dinner tonight," you say, clutched by conscience for the number of times *you* have rung friends from airports and *they* have said, "Do come for dinner tonight."

Their stay is brief, charged, tempered by slight jet fatigue. Conversation will be immediate, intimate, memorable. Food must be immediate, intimate, memorable . . . but not a drag.

The first dish, hot and tricky, calls for hair-spring timing for the *beurre blanc*. From then on, it's a cold snap for the hostess. That is, with instant planning after a noonday call from people at Kennedy, Friendship, O'Hare, or Dulles.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

CRAB MEAT—BEURRE BLANC

1 pound cooked back-fin crab meat
4 shallots
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Salt—½ pound butter
White pepper
½ cup white vinegar

Pick over crab meat and steam in double boiler until hot. For the sauce: chop the shallots fine, place in a heavy saucepan (preferably one with a rounded bottom) together with the parsley. Add the vinegar, a good dash of salt, and a quarter teaspoon of white pepper. Stir this and reduce drastically over high heat—there should be no more than a trace of the vinegar left. You should have allowed the butter to soften. Reduce the heat to very low (or set the pan over hot water) and begin adding the butter, a couple of teaspoonsful at a time. You must beat the sauce continuously with a whisk. It must never get too hot, or it will turn to oil. If correctly done, it will achieve a creamy, slightly foamy texture. Arrange the crab meat in a serving casserole and strain the sauce over it. Note: Serve this dish first, separately. You don't want its flavours to mix with the rest of the meal.

THE SNAPPER: The bite of vinegar.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

HORSERADISH MOUSSE FOR COLD FILLET OF BEEF

1 envelope unflavoured gelatin
¼ cup chicken broth
1 small onion, grated
¾ cup fresh horseradish, grated
1½ cups commercial sour cream
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
½ teaspoon salt
2½ pounds whole fillet of beef

Soak the gelatin in the chicken broth and dissolve over hot water. Cool. Combine the onion, horseradish, salt, sour cream, and cooled gelatin. Mix thoroughly. Now fold in the beaten egg whites. Place in mould for several hours until set. Unmould to serve.

Have your butcher prepare and tie a 2½ pound whole fillet of beef. Place it on a rack in a 450° pre-heated oven and cook for 28 minutes. Remove and allow to cool. When it is cold, remove the string and wrappings of fat and slice it carefully with a very sharp knife in not too thick portions. Arrange on a platter, and garnish with watercress.

THE SNAPPER: Horseradish, jelled.

MRS. PAYSON

(Continued from page 145)

beginning treated extremely shabbily by the other club owners, who did not permit the Mets to buy even a reasonable assortment of players, to this day she has never commented on this, and, obviously, never even permitted herself to think about it. Today also, although she owns over eighty percent of the Mets, she typically has only the title of "Vice President." Her friend, Don Grant, is Chairman of the Board, George Weiss is President, Herbert Walker is Executive Vice President, James Carlisle is Secretary-Treasurer, and Fred Trask is the club's one and only "Director." "Once," Mrs. Payson said, "I remember I asked Don Grant if I couldn't be 'First' Vice President, instead of just plain 'Vice President,' but he said I couldn't because, except for our Executive Vice President, we only *had* one Vice President."

Also, early in the formation of the team, Mrs. Payson promised her partners that she would take no part in strategy on the field. "Oh, no," she says, "I promised on my word of honour I would never even *suggest* anything. Can you imagine? A *woman!* Whatever you suggested everyone would think that it had to be a hunch. Why," she smiled, "what else could it be?"

Nonetheless, when it came to persuading the peerless Casey Stengel, former manager of the Yankees, to come and manage the Mets, Mrs. Payson played the crucial rôle. In vain had George Weiss called and called the Stengel home in California. Then Mrs. Payson called: she called—not Casey—but Edna Stengel, his wife. "I guess that," she said gently, "*was* a hunch."

By now it was game time, and we sat in Mrs. Payson's box, down practically on the field next to the end of the Met players' dugout. With us were her two granddaughters, young Joan, twelve, and Averil, ten. Although it was a relatively unimportant game, with the Chicago Cubs, Mrs. Payson was, from the beginning, a picture of concentration. She not only watched the game, but also listened to it on a tiny Japanese transistor radio—one which she constantly kept getting caught in her hair. I asked her why she liked to listen too.

"Oh," she replied, "to get all the *little* details—all the things you miss if you're *just* watching."

When the Mets came to bat, their very first batter, first baseman Ed Kranepool, got a hit.

"Now *that's* good," Mrs. Payson told us. "That's *eleven straight* he's hit in. That's a record—for the Mets, I mean. Nobody on the Mets has *ever* hit in eleven straight. We have all sorts of records that are just ours. He was *so* upset when they told him he was going to be sent down to the minor leagues—to Buffalo. But Casey told him, 'Listen, you need practice, it's not forever.' And when he learned he was to come back, he was so excited he forgot to pack his clothes and he had to go back the first off day and get them."

As Kranepool stood on base, granddaughter Averil was obviously peering intently at him. "Does Eddie chew tobacco?" she asked. "Why?" asked Mrs. Payson. "Will love fly out the window?" She turned to us. "Actually," she said quietly, "some of the older ones do but most of the younger ones don't."

"Is Eddie married?" asked Averil.

"Please," said Mrs. Payson. "He's only nineteen."

The second batter for the Mets was their star second baseman, twenty-three-year-old Ron Hunt. "He chews bubble gum," Mrs. Payson told us. "He *does*!" said Averil excitedly. "Yes," said Mrs. Payson, "but don't bother me now. I don't like to be talked to all through the game." Hunt promptly singled, and later looked as if he might try to steal second. "No," Mrs. Payson said, "I don't think he will. His ankle isn't too good yet, you know. It's awful how they get hurt. We had five out earlier this year, you know. We lost Roy McMillan for all those games, and Charlie Smith, and don't forget Frank Thomas. He was awfully sick. But don't say anything about that. Ball players don't mind things about their being hurt but they don't like anything about their being sick. They're *athletes*, you know."

A moment later, another Met batter, Joe Christopher, their fine young outfielder, got a hit but afterwards had to dive back to first base on his stomach. "Think of the laundry bill!" Mrs. Payson exclaimed. "Well, never mind. Thank *goodness*. That first year we didn't get to first base often enough to have much laundry." Later, when Christopher ran past our box into the dugout, she nudged me. "What do you think he's thinking?" she asked. "Or do you think he is? Watch," she added, "how he moves his eyebrows. He moves his whole cap up and down." This fascinated young Joan, and she started peering round after Christopher into the dugout. "No, Joan," said her grandmother, pulling her back, "don't look in there. Don't *ever* look in there unless there's just been a home run or something like that."

Midway in the game, Jack Fisher, the Met pitcher, singled but ran to first base so slowly that he was almost thrown out by the Cub right fielder. "If you were out," shouted a fan, "you'd go on Metrecal." "Marvellous," said Mrs. Payson. "Marvellous! Aren't the fans marvellous? I think the fans love a team more than the owners. Anyway, I'm still more of a fan than an owner. Look at those signs."

I looked. One homemade sign held up by the fans read "LET'S GO, METS." Another read "LET'S WIN, METS." "I like that," Mrs. Payson said. "That's positive." Just as she spoke, Tom Meany, the Mets' promotion director, came by to pay a visit to our box. "I'll show you another positive one," he said, and pointed to a sign fifteen rows back. "PRAY," it said.

As the game went on, I learned that Mrs. Payson was almost unbelievably superstitious, and that her favourite superstition was changing seats in the box. One inning, she changed her seat three times and also called over to Mrs. Casey Stengel. "Edna," she said, "powder your

(Continued on page 184)

the perfect plunge
DIVA
Marja

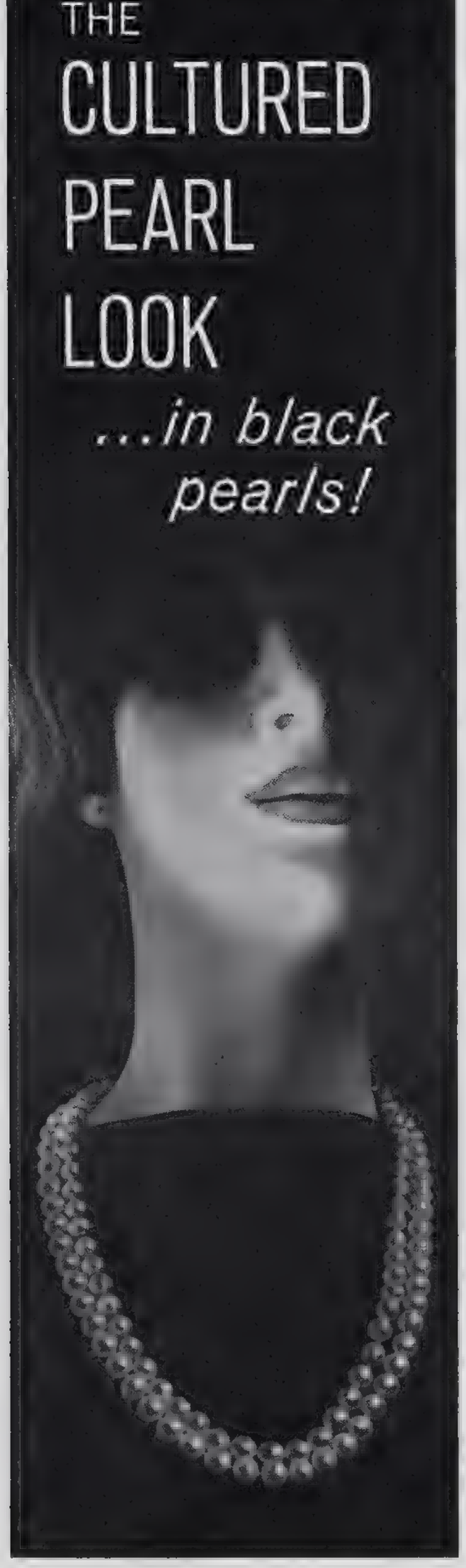


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MRS. PAYSON

(Continued from page 183)

nose. Edna told me," she explained to me, "that when Casey was managing the Yankees, whenever she powdered her nose, the Yankees would start something. I asked her if it worked with the Mets, but she said it hadn't. Just the same I had her do it yesterday and we got a hit—so maybe it will again."

Mrs. Payson also told us that Don Grant's wife Jane was "worse" than she was. "No, not worse, she corrected, "but just as bad. She makes up her face, you know, for good luck." I asked Mrs. Payson if she herself had any other superstitions. "Oh well," she said, "I cross my fingers. But everybody does that. Although men don't, do they? Men don't do anything like that. Of course, it's getting harder for me every year—to cross all of them. I have arthritis, you know."

I had heard Mrs. Payson had a peanut superstition, too. "Oh, *that*," she said. "You wanted to have a hit so you took a peanut and kept it in your mouth without eating it. It's awfully hard not to eat a peanut. But the Mets have never been a peanut thing. That was the Giants."

At one point in the game the Mets had two men on base, and I noticed Mrs. Payson had changed her seat and had not only crossed all her fingers but also had her eyes shut and was mumbling something. "What are you doing?" I asked her. "I'm putting a whammy on the other pitcher," she replied. "No, I shouldn't have told you that. If anybody notices, it's no good. And you have to put a strong whammy, too."

The Mets won the game six to two. At the end, I asked granddaughter Averil how many games she had been to. "This is my second whole game," she said, "but this is the first one I've liked."

Before the second game I attended, against the St. Louis Cardinals, there was a light but steady drizzling rain. Mrs. Payson had thought she was going to Maine with her husband and had given her box away. When her plans changed—to leave for Maine the next day—she decided to sit up in the stands. With her were her daughter Sandra, Sandra's son Blair, fourteen (a brother of Joan and Averil), as well as James Russell, a young English cousin, who had never seen a baseball game before. "But even in England," he told us, "they've heard of the Mets."

As the teams warmed up, the English cousin asked Sandra how many were on a team. "I honestly don't know," she said. "*Mother*!" said Blair. "Nine," he told the English boy. His mother leaned toward me. "You know what they call Blair at St. Paul's," she said. "They call him 'Granny'—he talks about his grandmother so much. And he doesn't mind, either." I looked at Blair. He looked like the kind of boy who wouldn't mind.

Up there in the stands we were close to the lady organist and, as we stood up for the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner," Mrs. Payson stood very erect. I was certain she was thinking of her oldest son.

Despite the bad weather, over 13,000 people had turned out to see the game. Mrs. Payson peered down through the rain and saw that her box was empty. "I'm furious," she said. "They're not here. Why, this isn't real rain—it's just mist. *Sissies!*"

The Met pitcher was Al Jackson. "Oh, *Jackson*," Mrs. Payson said. "He's *got* to win. Hooray, Al! Let's go, *Mets*!"

The first Cardinal singled. "Oh no," said Mrs. Payson. Jackson walked the next batter on four balls. "Oh no," said Mrs. Payson. "Come on, Al." The next Cardinal got a hit. "Oh no, *no*," said Mrs. Payson. "Come *on*, Al. This is horrible."

Finally, after the Cardinals got two runs, Jackson got them out. As he walked to the dugout, Mrs. Payson put up her binoculars and watched him intently. "Poor little Al," she said. "His wrists are just like whips. He looks emaciated. But don't say anything about that. I wish *I* was. I shouldn't say anything, with you here. Really I shouldn't. I should just keep quiet."

For a long time the Mets

(Continued on page 185)

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MRS. PAYSON

(Continued from page 184)

couldn't seem to get going at all. And almost the only thing to cheer about was the fact that the Mets' star shortstop, Roy McMillan, made sensational plays. "Look at McMillan," said Mrs. Payson. "I just can't *believe* we've *really* got McMillan." After one of McMillan's fine plays which ended an inning, the lady organist played "Rosalie." "Da da da, dee dee dee," hummed Mrs. Payson, "da da dum, dee dee. Oh that, doesn't seem very appropriate for McMillan, does it? I wanted to work on it with her—on a song for each player. Now McMillan's would be easy—'Mack the Knife.' "

In the third, Jackson and Kranepool singled. As Hunt came to bat, I looked at Mrs. Payson's hands in amazement. "I've got *everything* crossed," she explained, "even my thumbs."

Whatever she did, it must have been right. Hunt singled, scoring two runs, and the game was tied. The organist played "Louise." "La da da da dum," hummed Mrs. Payson, "dum dum da da da dum. Remember Chevalier?"

Jim Hickman, the Mets' centre fielder, made a good catch to end an inning and came running in. Mrs. Payson put up her binoculars. "Come on, Jim," she said. "Smile, now. Averil is always asking," she explained, "why Jim doesn't smile more. I told her that so far he hasn't had too much to smile about. But see!" She handed me the binoculars. "He *is* smiling. Come on now, boys. Give him a hand in the dugout."

In the seventh inning the Cardinals got another run. The score was now Cardinals three, Mets two. "Oh no no no no no," said Mrs. Payson. "Oh, I don't like this. Come on, Al. Please, please, please. Just an eensie bitsy pop-up!"

The next batter did pop up. But in the eighth inning, to start off for the Mets, so did Kranepool. "Oh," said Mrs. Payson, "what a pity!" Hunt, too, grounded out. "Oh dear," she said. "Very disappointing. Well, here's Hawk Taylor. Come on, H-a-w-w-w-k," she said, standing up and imitating the way the fans call his name. But Hawk struck out. "Oh," said Mrs. Payson quietly. "Oh, oh. For Heaven's sake." she sat down. She looked like a little girl whose balloon had burst.

In the ninth, however, in the Mets' last chance Christopher was first up and singled. The whole stadium came to life. Mrs. Payson stood up. She was glowing now. But the next batter, George Altman, popped out. Then came Hickman. He hit a long drive to right field, but the right fielder caught it.

The Mets were down to their last out. Frank Thomas, a home-run hitter—or the nearest to a home-run hitter the Mets have—was sent in to pinch hit. "*Thomas!*" screamed the fans, almost in unison. "*Frank!*" screamed Mrs. Payson. "Yeah, Frank!" She turned to me. "He's been out for *months*," she told me. "Thirty-nine *days* in the hospital! This is his *first* time back."

I looked at Thomas—he was obviously still weak. The first pitch was a strike. So was the second—although Thomas fouled it off. Then came a ball.

On the fourth pitch, Thomas swung evenly. The ball arched toward left field. The Cardinal left fielder ran back. There was a strong wind blowing. The odds were clearly against the ball making the stands. But somehow it did. The left fielder couldn't get it. It was a home run. Two runs. The Mets had won—four to three.

The fans went wild. All around people were shouting, screaming, pounding each other.

"What happened?" asked the English boy.

"What happened!" shouted Mrs. Payson. "What *happened!* WE WON!"

People were now milling around her and pounding her. Her hat was askew. "Whew," she said. "Whew! *Whew!* WHEW!"

On the way out she was humming. "Da da dee da good to your taste," she hummed, "da da dee da your thirst."



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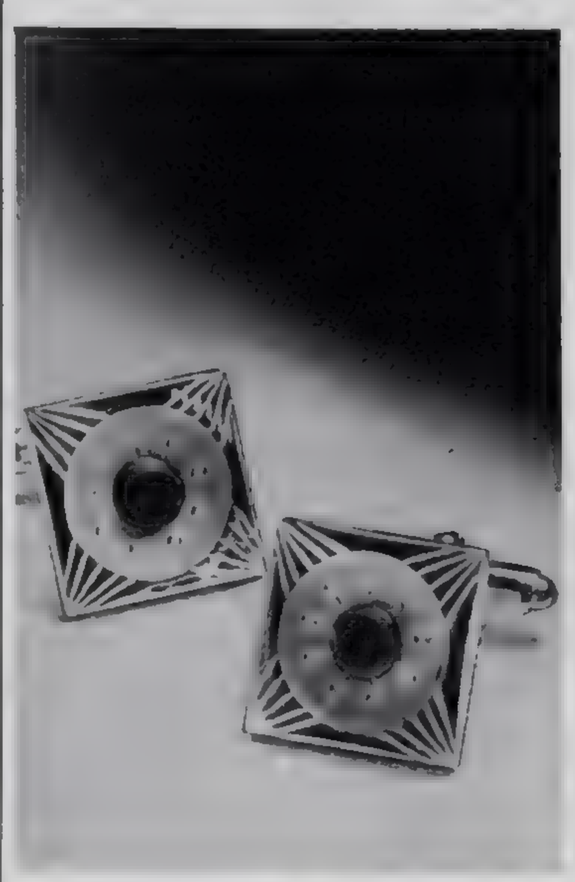
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DE KOONING

(Continued from page 148)

garity" of Rabelais and Cervantes. His abstractions and female figures are no less accumulations than if they had been put together out of newsprint, rags, and rubbish (some De Koonings do incorporate strips of tabloids, cut-outs of magazine advertisements, sections of discarded canvases). Ready-made materials are, however, too clumsy a medium to carry the "slipping glimpses" of De Kooning's insight. The constant interchange of image and symbol, direct impression and analytical generalization, can be seized only through the action of the brush. *Woman I* is a girl in a yellow dress whom De Kooning spotted on Fourteenth Street then forgot but who returned to life in the course of the painting, until she vanished forever in the cement-mixer of the De Kooning painting process. *Woman I* contains also mothers passed on East Side park benches, a madonna studied in a reproduction, E—or M—made love to, and the "grin," De Kooning tells us, "of Mesopotamian idols." Such a creation could not be the result of a mere combination of displaced elements, as in collage or Pop Art. Transformation had to be total, that is, to take place simultaneously in the psyche of the artist and on the canvas. Artists who boast of getting beyond De Kooning technically ought to ask themselves if they comprehend the difference in the objectives of his techniques and theirs.

Through the action of De Kooning's brush, things, persons, scenes, feelings are recorded in shifting forms that rerecord themselves in the eye of the spectator as on a strip of film; one looking at a De Kooning never sees the same image twice (recent paintings composed of pictures repeated in series parody this De Kooning effect). The gestures that brought the painting into being subsist in it not only through vestiges of energy—swipes of paint, splashes, smears—but through the constant forcing together of the visual ingredients of the painting.

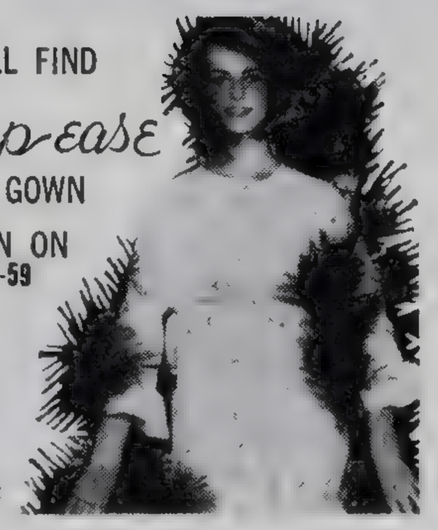
For De Kooning problems of painting (how to draw the *Woman's* knees, how to keep the pigment from drying too fast) do not exist in isolation; they arise inside the moving mass of the painter's experience. Hence there is no final goal which a painting may reach ("I never was interested in how to make a good painting"), as there is no ultimate fact of which it can be the equivalent. One event makes another possible, whether or not it itself is perfectly executed. Designing a studio-dwelling for himself De Kooning completes a set of plans that fulfills all of his desires. The plans are ingenious and handsome, but no sooner are they finished than he starts a new set. The act of formulating the first conception has given rise to new possibilities, new problems. Any solution is but a point to be passed through on the way to another approximation. Perhaps the next gesture will bring the artist closer to his true self, that is, to something in him he did not know was there. But "closer" has only a symbolic meaning; for whether closer or less close to some presumed self of the artist, the work has been lived and is therefore the actual substance of his existence. "In the end," said De Kooning of his *Woman,* "I failed. But it didn't bother me. . . . I felt it was really an accomplishment." Failure or success, he can claim with Jaques of *As You Like It,* "I have gain'd my experience."

De Kooning's performance is also an "act" in the arena of art history, a display of skill and imagination put on before an imaginary gallery of the great masters. In painting the *Woman,* he has said, he wanted to see how long he could "stay on the stage" under the scrutiny of that immortal company. What saves him from presumptuousness is that he does not expect Michelangelo or Rubens to keep their seats until the curtain.

The intimate presence in his mind of the geniuses of Western painting is the secret of what is often referred to as De Kooning's ambitiousness. His consciousness of the art of the past as the context of his action belies the concept of self-effusion popularly associated with Abstract

(Continued on page 187)

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DE KOONING

(Continued from page 186)

Expressionists. An art whose effort toward individual statement is keyed to complex judgments of the nature and history of painting has nothing in common with the daubs of children or chimpanzees. As a decorator's apprentice and Academy student in Rotterdam, De Kooning grew up with art as his trade and the masters of other centuries as his teachers and artisan-competitors. It was in New York's Greenwich Village that painting was transformed for him from a way of earning a living into what he has termed "a way of living." But De Kooning has never altogether shed his craftsman's attitude toward art and his feeling of matching skills with illustrious predecessors. His practice of painting as a traditional trade, on the one hand, and as a laboratory for investigating reality, on the other, has given his work a magnitude unsurpassed in his generation. It has also involved him in intense contradictions, often immensely fruitful but leading to unbearable confusions.

Among the intellectual advantages of his craft orientation has been his continuing skepticism toward vanguardist dogmas. Accepting the fact that our time has put every value of art in doubt, De Kooning, empowered by his sense of the traditional, has felt free to doubt also the doubt. It may be absurd for artists to continue painting the human figure—it is even more absurd to make a rule against painting it. Has "modernism" obliged the painter to take a position against women in painting? Against grass being green, snow white? "Forms," replies De Kooning, "ought to have the emotion of a concrete experience. For instance, I am very happy that grass is green." A line across a sheet of paper, if one puts a tiny mark in front of it, becomes the horizon approached by a ship. What is gained, De Kooning asks himself, by omitting that mark in order to make art "non-objective"?

Not some concept of what art ought to be but the range of the artist's experience, including of course his experience of art, is the source of value in contemporary painting. De Kooning is aware to an unexcelled degree how superficial it is to separate the natural world from the world of human artifice. Most art movements come into being through finding a new way of exaggerating this separation; they pit the natural (e.g., primitivism, self-expression) against the man-made (e.g., Pop Art, Neo-Abstraction) at the expense of the inherent synthesis of actual experience. By the measure of such movements De Kooning is not a "modernist." In over thirty-five years of creating art in New York, modernism after modernism has washed over his head, always affecting him yet without throwing him off his course.

At present, as noted above, De Kooning is again painting women, this time not eternal icons but today's cuties. His largest and most characteristic current creation is, however, the dwelling-studio in The Springs, Long Island, that has finally materialized out of those plans drawn by him over the years. Here grand ambition and galloping contradiction (the house as a self-extending "action" which the artist must execute through strangers) have once more brought into being the unfinished masterpiece. The vast, many-planed building of concrete, steel, wood, and glass concentrates the dramatic strains of De Kooning's art in flaunts of arbitrary platforms, staircases, balconies, recesses, whose only precedents are De Kooning's swooping paint strokes. It is a setting like the stage of an opera house in which the sole performance is the act of constructing the studio—whoever sits or stands in it seems about to burst into a declamation for or against the enterprise. It requires no great insight to predict that when the work on this creation stops—as usual the only meaning of "finish" with a De Kooning—persons from every sector of the art world will visit it and discuss the latest decline it represents in De Kooning.

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(Details for pages 174-175)



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(Details about pages 176-179)



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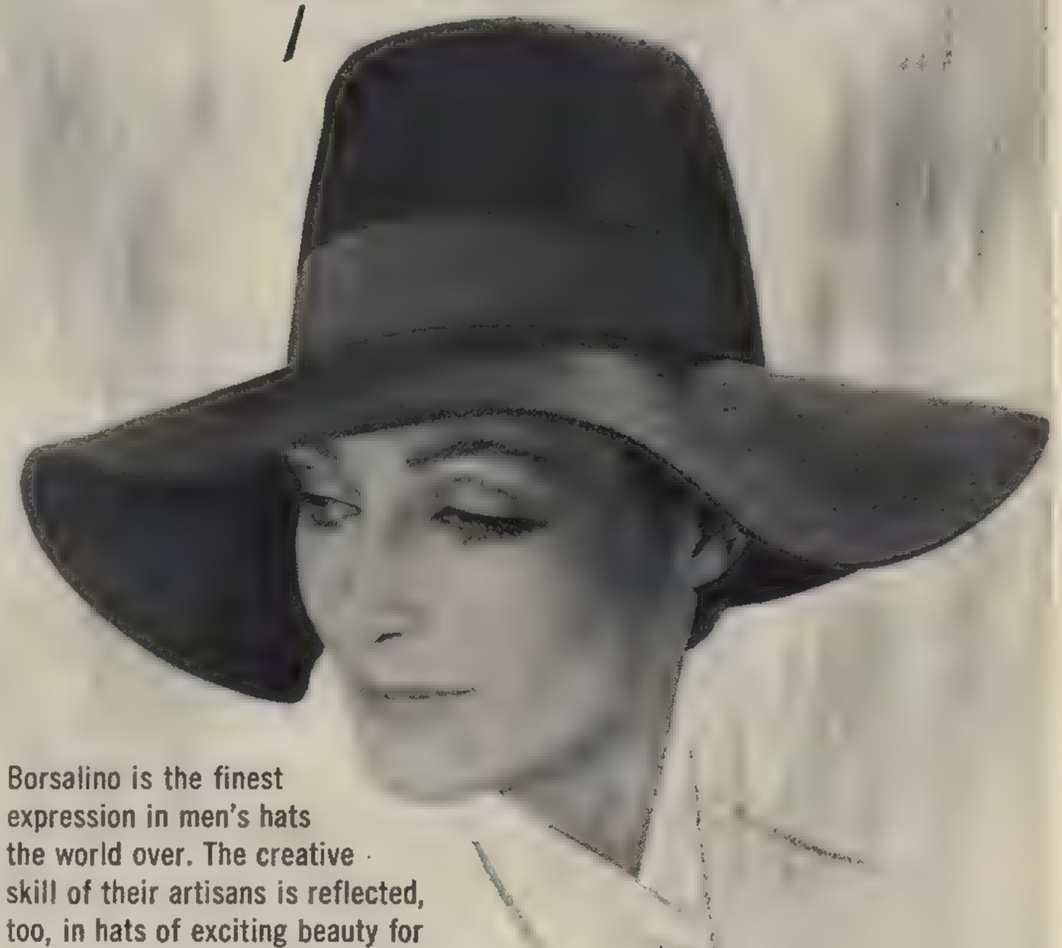
A trio of stretch lace diamond-shapes on a black pantie, cuffed in stretch lace. By Poirette, of Lycra. About $14 at Altman's; Joseph Horne; Dayton's. Brilliant blue tights of stretch nylon. By Mary Grey, at Altman's.

The wings of butterflies in purple on a ground of blues and mauve. By Warner's, of uncovered Lycra. About $12. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros. Beautiful Bryans nylon tights. A pettileg of vivid colours traced with black and brown; lacy, bowed hem. By Hollywood Vassarett, in tricot of Du Pont nylon. About $5. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Dayton's. Christian Dior brilliant pink stockings at Bloomingdale's. *On pages 178 and 179 (reproduced above), left to right:* An ivory-coloured pantie with embroidered panels. By Perma-Lift, of spandex. About $10 at Bloomingdale's; Haggarty's, Beverly Hills. Christian Dior open-weave stockings in mulled wine. At Bloomingdale's. Tummy and thigh-control prettily managed by golden-beige flower-embroidery on a black pantie. By Oleg Cassini for Peter Pan, of Lycra. About $17 at Bonwit Teller; Burdine's; The Broadway. Ariadne sheer demi-toe stockings at Lord & Taylor. A pebbled print of browns, and greys and white in a pantie that's all stretch. By Van Raalte in power net of Lycra. About $9 at Bloomingdale's; Hudson's. Sheer black demi-toe stockings by Hanes seamless at Altman's.

Bottom row, from left to right: Flowers and ferns of intense blue and jade green in a pantie with contoured back panel that rounds the derrière. By Gossard, of Lycra and nylon. About $11 at Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Miami; May-D & F, Denver. Violet stockings by Christian Dior at Bloomingdale's. Vivid pink pettilegs with side inserts of stretch lace; edged in satin-bowed lace. By Vanity Fair, in tricot of Du Pont nylon; Lycra. About $6. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Halle Bros. Black harlequin-patterned tights by Bewitching at Arnold Constable. For double control, a pantie all of black stretch lace over pinky-beige power net. Of Lycra; by Jantzen. About $15 at Bloomingdale's; Filene's; The White House. Beautiful Bryans tights.

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JOAN LITTLEWOOD

(Continued from page 161)

posturing that pass for style in many West End productions. (Of course, she has also said, "I hate naturalism. I've never touched it in my life.")

I get the impression that Joan Littlewood actually sees very little of other companies at work, being instinctively a worker rather than a spectator. I remember an argument we had about a much-praised young British dramatist during which she stripped him piece by piece of all his claims to originality and inventiveness. It was a magnificent display of invective but soon I noticed that it was couched almost entirely in general terms. I tried to turn the discussion onto actual scenes and speeches. She gave her Halloween-pumpkin grin: "Don't be silly. I haven't seen the bloody things. Only a few minutes anyway. But I know I'm right." She probably was, too.

In her talk, as in her productions, she loves to go too far and bend ideas out of shape to test her muscles. On another occasion, after the first night of Zeffirelli's elaborate, top-heavy, disastrous *Othello*, she said to me in the foyer, "That's the kind of production that gets the Moscow Art Theatre a bad name." It was a brilliant quip, summing up in one sentence what I would take twelve hundred words to convey in my review.

But she had to test me further. Over dinner she pretended to fault the production because Desdemona's scene with the "Willow Song" was played for pathos. "That's a comic interlude. It should be a great laugh and done like a Cockney music-hall song. Like 'Knees Up, Mother Brown.'" I was horrified. "You must be out of your tiny mind," I cried. She grinned and changed the subject.

The last time I saw her she was still intoxicated with the pipe dream of her twenty-one-acre Fun Palace by the Thames. "It'll lose a million pounds in an economical year," she shouted at me down the stairs from her top-floor attic in Soho. Halfway up, there was a notice on the wall: "If you are looking for a bird [i.e., a girl friend], this is the wrong house. Try next door." When I got to her door, she said, "It gets more respectable as you go higher. Would you like brandy in your coffee? I usually have some around now." It was 11:00 A.M.

While she was out at the liquor store, I cased the room. It was long and thin with a romantic, Parisian panorama of chimney pots from the window. It contained a double bed guarded by two large movieolas, a work bench piled with coils of wire, two tape recorders, a typewriter, equipment for cutting and cementing film, a model robot, and a stack of correspondence. There was a gas fire with a gas ring on which coffee was boiling.

Above the mantelpiece was a picture of the Virgin Mary upon whose face someone had stuck a pair of red Marilyn Monroe lips cut from a magazine. Next to this was a long pencilled series of quotations beginning with "only connect" and "the slow burial which begins with birth." On the other walls were Ordnance Survey maps of the East End and aerial photographs of the docks. The top letter was from her lawyer. He said he was having great difficulty in framing a legal definition of her Project. When she returned and opened up on me, I understood his problem.

Perhaps if I transcribe a few of the twenty-six pages of notes I took in just over an hour, they will convey something of this extraordinary, infuriating, unstoppable creature, Joan Littlewood:

"What gave you the idea that *Oh What a Lovely War* was anti-war? You won't get any-

where with being anti. I meant it to be pro-General Haig. That's what's wrong with the theatre. *Oh What a Lovely War* was meant to be expendable. The songs were all right. But it shouldn't have been on for more than a fortnight. I can't stand those nineteenth-century wedding-cake theatres. The new ones are just as bad. They're 1921. I've been seeing councillors about my Fun Palace. The left-wingers are just as old hat as the rest, Harold Wilson's new plan for Britain—it's a lot of sixth-form science.

" 'Work and Leisure'—the words don't mean anything any more. I've been out with the camera shooting faces. I don't know what I'm going to do with the film. I think I'll burn the bloody lot. I call it a self-educating Fun Palace. It'll be a nucleus. I'm fed up with that acting stuff.

You know those councillors are still making parks for people to keep off the grass in. I'd like to sabotage the whole theatre-museum-art-gallery bit. You educate yourself through your job. *You* never learnt anything at Oxford. We're already in the middle of a revolution. Everything up to now has been pre-history. I want action. I want to canalize violence in my twenty-one acres.

"I've nothing against murder but it's a crude way to express yourself. I want people to explore themselves: mind, feet, fingers, the lot at once. Those Labour mayors. They're like Buckingham Palace twenty years ago. They want a National Theatre—Chekhov and *Hobson's Choice*. We must make plans and then smash them. We can throw anything away because there's always more.

"Try being the opposite of yourself. Come in my Palace and invent your own job. Break up houses if you like. Paint and sculpt with new materials. Play with computers. We are going to pipe in, twenty-four hours a day on a dozen channels, life in a mine, a prison, a workhouse, a mental hospital. There'll be no editing and no art, thank God. The bastards are editing the world on TV and in the newspapers. You'll see what really happens. Kids can make their own films with cheap portable cameras and mikes. They'll be better than any of those Tennessee Truffauts. I don't care what they do. I'll watch. I'm a voyeur. All the tough young lads and their young lovely birds. They can jump in the river.

"It'll be full of platforms and terraces and walks and tunnels and have a floating dome and hot-air walls. You can look up girls' legs. You can show off and gossip and be malicious. Parties and picnics and lots of toys. Real ones that work. I want hecklers. A monkey hill for humans. Make the world a place to live in. It'll destroy the money system and free us all. You'll be able to shuffle each section like cards.

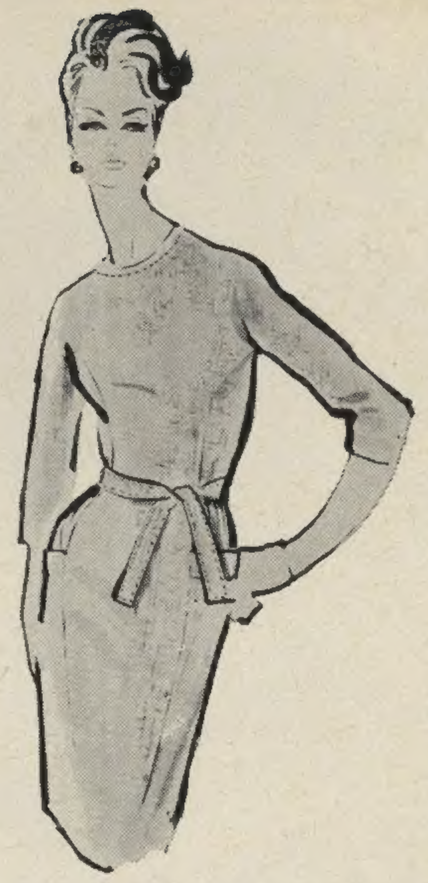
"I forecast disaster for this cathedral-brothel. I'm throwing myself in the fan. Who cares? Someday it'll work. It's the layabouts who know best. I've always knocked about with gangsters and whores. As a young girl, I used to stand on the street corner and pretend to be a whore. Well, that's it. They'll give me fifty acres if I ask for it. You know I'll do it, don't you?"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Alan Brien, a London critic of drama whom other critics read, writes in England for the *Sunday Telegraph* and for *The Spectator*, which runs his weekly column of random wit and deliberate needling in which the target is often himself. In a recent issue he noted: "It is no accident that the permanent heading [of this column] is 'Afterthought' and not 'After Thought.' "

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EVANGELINE BRUCE

(Continued from page 128)

the downstairs walls are enchanting, lending an air of continuity to American policy.

Upstairs is a room known as Mrs. Bruce's sitting room, filled with everything that a woman who has no time to sort things every day will accumulate. Materials, books are piled high on armchairs and tables, green planters' coffee boxes are filled with the mail of the day or week. They dwarf a very small desk, from which are written every day the innumerable short notes, rapid and affectionate, with which she manages the timing of friendship. All this she does with a lanky, infinite grace.

She has certain signatures: In every house she lives in, flowering plants appear, but they are as tall as people. Camellias, heliotropes, fuchsias, according to season. There must be mysterious gardeners working for her on this earth.

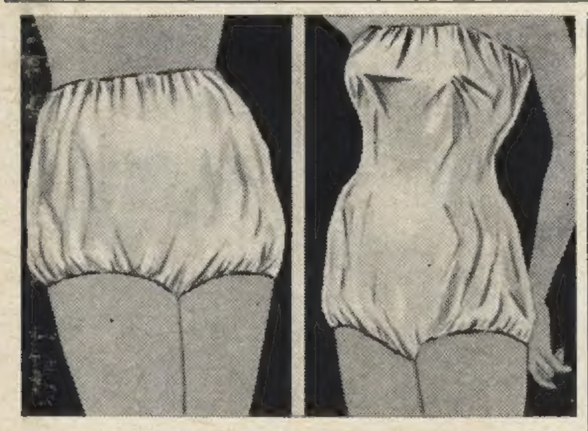
Among the list of charms (in the sense of sorcery) besides the plants are her breakfast trays. Flowers, Porthault tray covers, and the hottest and smallest *croissants* in Christendom made by a Russian cook who is the best pastry cook in Europe. And the *best* scrambled eggs outside of Virginia.

The Bruces wish not to cheat their children because of official life. Mrs. Bruce seems to apply a special attention to conversation and vocabulary. One hears her give the children enchanting descriptions of anything at hand, a basket, a ribbon, a dog. Things are not quite what they seem and might well be something entirely different. She often asks her young children: Do you really think that? which is a form of questioning few parents envisage. Ambassador Bruce treats the children as charming friends whose behaviour is sometimes odd, but no odder than anyone else's.

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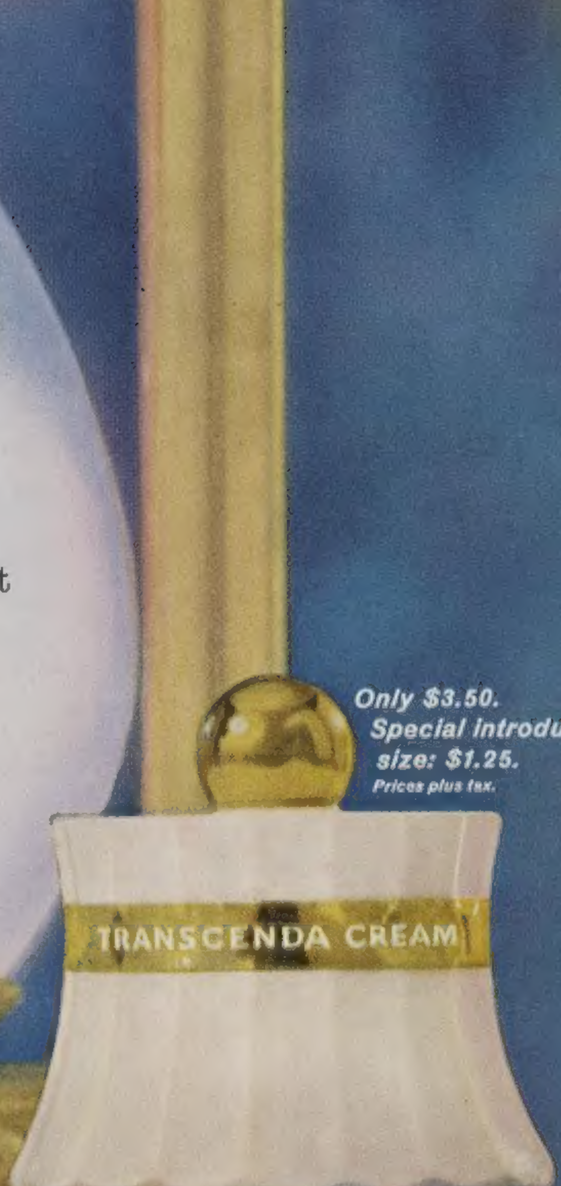
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